NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy,
} Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Signal of Liberty.

THE GARLAND ROORBACK.

Statement of the Executive Committee of the Detroit Liberty Association, in regard to the origin, &c. of this unparalelled Forgery.

The following statement was sent to the Detroit Advertiser, for publication, but was refused:

To the Editors of the Detroit Advertiser:

GENTLEMEN:—Your paper of the 11th instant contained the following editorial:

"As the election is over, we trust that the Birney men will now make good their pledge, to ferret out the fabrication of the letter of Mr. Birney to Mr. Garland. Some of them have been extremely free in their imputations and vituperations, while the election was pending. We challenge their scrutiny, or else we insist upon a retraction."

In your issue of yesterday, you thus again refer to the matter:

"One or two of the Birney leaders, were free in their imputations on us in regard to the fabrication of the Birney letter. Is it not time for them, either to retract or make good the charges? We ask only justice."

Thus challenged, we cannot longer be silent. We therefore state the following as facts, which, if denied, we will prove by such reasonable evidence, as will satisfy every candid man:

That on or about the 18th to the 21st October last, a document purporting to be an extra of the Genesee Democrat, a Whig paper, published at Flint, in this State, made its appearance, containing an alledged affidavit of J. B. Garland, of Saginaw; an alledged letter by James G. Birney to him—an alledged jurat by Robert R. Page, Justice of the Peace, and an alledged certificate by James Birdsall, A Thayer, and A. P. Davis, Whig Corresponding Committee for the county of Genesee, vouching the character of said Garland: that all these were absolute forgeries, destitute of the shade of truth: that they were designed to injure Mr. Birney, and to benefit the Whig party, by inducing Whig Abolitionists to believe that their presidential candidate was "a locofoco in disguise," and was abusing their confidence for vile purposes, thereby to turn their vote back to their old party: that with these objects it was extensively circulated in several States, so immediately before the election as to preclude an adequate exposure, and so simultaneously, together with such knowledge of Mr. Birney's movements, as to evince skilful and combined preparation, that it appeared in the papers of Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, and New-York, with hundreds of miles intervening,—in many of them on the same day, and in all at substantially the same period, to wit: from the 26th to the 31st of October, yet it did not appear in Syracuse, Rochester, or Buffalo, until Mr. Birney had passed through and embarked for home, and was then immediately published after his departure.

The authorship or locality of the forgery is not yet known to us, but sufficient appears on its face to show that it was not concocted in the place it purports. There are mistakes in the Christian name of Page, the alledged Justice; in the fact of his justiceship, in the residence of Garland, and in other minor matters, which indicate a want of that accuracy, which local information engenders, yet such approximation to as it would arise from intercourse between the locality and a place at some little distance.

The following, however, are charged as facts: that about the time of the issue of the forgery, Wm. S. Driggs, of this city, applied, at the office of the Secretary of State to make inquiries respecting the name and justiceship of Mr. Page. Mr. Driggs had previously gone to Saginaw, and seen Mr. Garland, and made an affidavit for the purpose of fixing on Mr. Birney the very charges this forgery sought to substantiate by Mr. B's own admission. Also, that about the same time, Mr. David Smart, an active and influential member of the Whig Central Committee, had in his possession, a copy of the forgery in its original form, "The Genesee Democrat Extra," and exhibited the same to several gentlemen of the Whig party, assembled on Jefferson Avenue, in front of Mr. Jacob M. Howard's office, one of whom read the same aloud: that Mr. Smart took it to the Advertiser office to have a number of extra copies printed and circulated: that he there met Mr. H. L. Miller, of Saginaw, late Whig Representative of that county, and was by him informed, that it was beyond all question a forgery: that Mr. Smart went to Pontiac for the purpose of ascertaining its truth: that its existence, at that time was extensively known to very many leading Whigs, including the editors of the Detroit Advertiser, and some of the Central Committee: but that it was carefully kept secret from every Democrat and Liberty man, and was not known by an individual of either party, until brought by the mail in the Ohio papers, on the 31st of October, the day previous to the Ohio election, and of course too late for exposure in any part of that State: that from their inquiries, gentlemen of the Whig party were satisfied at the time of its first appearance, that the document was a forgery, and wrote letters to parties in New-York and Massachusetts, stating the forgery, and cautioning against its use: that among the parties thus advised, were the editors of the Rochester Democrat, the Albany Evening Journal, the Tribune, and the Boston Atlas, the latter having since avowed the fact of such private advice: that no such letters or advice were written to Ohio, where the election would ensue, but were confined to the States were exposure could otherwise be made before election; that no public exposure thereof, nor even a hint of its existence, was made either in the Advertiser, or in conversation by any of the numerous persons acquainted with it; on the contrary, the strictest silence was maintained in regard to it, so that in view of these remarkable facts, we think it fair to infer, that the parties cognizant of the document, desired not so much to prevent its circulation, (otherwise they would have published its falsity in their journal and conversation,) as to obviate the injurious reaction on their party, which its exposure as a forgery would inevitably entail, whenever it had been published as true. We have also strong reason to believe that the parties were all aware that copies were passing through the Post-office in this city to Ohio, yet they allowed these vehicles of untruth to fulfill their evil destiny, without an effort to warn of their fraud.

We do not know that the fraud originated in this city: or that the Whig Committee of the city participated in the manufacture, or that it was printed here. It is true that when the forgery first publicly appeared, and as the facts already enumerated were gradually developed, mingling, as is usual, with erroneous reports, the circumstances apparently pointed to a preparation in this city, and probably induced expression of opinion to that effect, as one of the surmises at the moment, but investigation does not seem to warrant the charge, and we therefore limit our statement to the facts we have mentioned, and which we presume will not be denied to be substantially correct; if they are so denied, we will furnish our evidence: if wrong in any particulars, we shall cheerfully retract our error. Our object is only truth, but even that perhaps had not induced us to rake up the smouldering ashes of the late political fire, had not the gauntlet been thrown at us again and again, with innuendoes in several Whig papers, that this most audacious and disgraceful forgery originated in quarters very different from those which actually gave it birth. We believe the Detroit Advertiser or leading Whigs can, if they please, name its actual parents. It is certain that they,—and so far as is known, they only have made inquiry into the fact. Will they disclose the result, and *all* they know? It is called for by every consideration—to themselves,—to the public,—to injured individuals, and to the cause of truth.

A. L. PORTER,
SILAS M. HOLMES,
HORACE HALLOCK,
WM. E. PETERS,
C. H. STEWART,
MARTIN WILSON,
SAMUEL ZUG,
J. D. BALDWIN,
Executive Committee of the Detroit Liberty Association.

DETROIT, Nov. 27th, 1844.

DEPOSITION OF JEROME B. GARLAND.

The State of Michigan, } ss.
Saginaw County. }

Deponent states, that previously to 1841, in the autumn of which year James G. Birney removed to this county, he, the deponent, kept a public house at the crossing of Cass river, about nine miles from Saginaw city, and on the only road from the latter place to Flint, in Genesee county; that, from the time Mr. Birney moved in, till 1843, when deponent ceased keeping a public house, he generally stopped with him in passing the road, for refreshment, and sometimes to stay all night. In this way my acquaintance with Mr. Birney was made.

Deponent attended Court at Saginaw city in August last; also, a meeting held in the afternoon of the first day of the Court, to hear from Mr. Birney an exposition of facts relating to alledged mismanagement on the part of certain of our county officers, about which there was beginning to be a good deal of complaint by the people. The persons chiefly implicated were both Whigs and Democrats. Deponent was pleased with the independent and straightforward course of Mr. Birney in this matter; so were others of his neighbors. Such an overhauling of our county affairs we thought would be beneficial, and ought to have taken place before. At the conclusion of the meeting for county matters, Mr. Birney repeated a notice that had been previously given, of an address to be delivered by him that evening—in which he proposed reviewing the conduct of both Whigs and Democrats—and giving his views on the Texas Annexation question. In his address, which I heard, he spoke of the unfaithfulness of the parties to the cause of human freedom, and to the interests of the free States. He commented on the conduct of the Democratic party at the late Baltimore Convention, in abandoning their fundamental principle insisted on by Mr. Jefferson—*that the majority should govern*; by which a slaveholder, instead of Mr. Van Buren, the acknowledged choice of the democracy of the free States, had received the Presidential nomination. Although condemning in the strongest terms the course of the Democratic party in this and in other matters, but particularly in reference to the Annexation question, he yet avowed himself a Democrat; but not he said a Democrat of the skin-deep or cutaneous class, but a Democrat according to the Declaration of Independence,—one who believed that all men are created equal, and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Mr. Birney embodied his democracy in these words—that he was willing to allow to every citizen the same rights, privileges, and advantages that he himself possessed under the laws and Constitution of the country.

The next week after the county meeting, Mr. Birney passed by my house on his way to Flint. Meantime I had spoken to some of my neighbors on the subject of running him for the Legislature, and found it acceptable to them. I wished to speak to Mr. Birney in relation to this—but as he delayed but a few minutes at the public house near me, I could not; but I asked him to let me see him on his return: he did so, and I then told him that it was the wish of myself and others, that he would permit his name to be used as a candidate: he consented. Deponent at first, thought it would be necessary to run Mr. Birney as an independent candidate: this was preferred by Mr. Birney as the best way of breaking up the other parties, Whig and Democratic, whose corruptions, he thought, called for their being broken up. Deponent said nothing to Mr. Birney in relation to party pledges—or to the support of democratic men and measures: nor did Mr. Birney to him. The chief object of both of us seemed to be, to rescue the *county* from the mal-administration of those who for a long time had managed its affairs—and to have those affairs put on a right footing. Not a word was said between us as to general politics except this—deponent told Mr. Birney that the only objection any one had mentioned against him, was, that if he was sent to the Legislature, he might in view of the importance which he gave to the slavery question, permit it to interfere, as Mr. Adams had done in Congress, with the regular progress of ordinary legislation. To this Mr. Birney replied—commending the course of Mr. Adams in giving precedence to the Slavery question as he had done, and saying that the State Legislature was not the great theatre for settling that question—that Congress was—but that, in whatever way the question might come up in the Legislature of the State, he would be found occupying the ground on which every one knew he stood, in favor of human freedom. Deponent had no other personal communication with Mr. Birney from this time till Mr. B. was on his way east, on the 27th of September. On that occasion Mr. B. and deponent had but a few moments conversation. In this Mr. B. remarked, in reply to what he had understood had been objected to him, (that in his zeal for Anti-Slavery objects, local or county affairs would be neglected,) that his constituents, should he be elected, would have to depend on his known habits of business, and his identity of interest with them as a resident of the county. Deponent had but slight expectation, when he parted from Mr. Birney, that he would be nominated by the Democratic Convention to be held two days after. This deponent was not then a delegate to that Convention. In choosing delegates he was left out, as he thought, by the influence of party managers because he was in favor of having Mr. Birney nominated. When he went to Saginaw city, where the Convention was held on Saturday, the 28th of September, one of the delegates from Taymouth town being absent, this deponent, although residing in Saginaw town, was appointed to supply his place. In this way, deponent became a member of this Convention. In that Convention, deponent offered no pledge on behalf of Mr. Birney—for Mr. Birney had given him no authority to do so. When he spoke of Mr. Birney's being a Democrat, he referred to what Mr. B. had said of himself publicly in his address in the school-house; when he spoke of Mr. B's. carrying out democratic principles, he meant that Mr. B. would act consistently with the true democratic principles which he himself had avowed at the same time. Such democracy and such principles, deponent stated were good enough for him.

In relation to the affidavit of a certain William S. Driggs, deponent states, that a person so calling himself called at his house, representing himself as having come from Detroit to attend the land tax sales at Saginaw, and conversed with deponent a few minutes, not exceeding at the most, twenty;—that deponent spoke to Driggs of Mr. Birney's democracy as Mr. Birney had himself explained it in his public address in the school house—that he told Driggs, that he, deponent, had held but two conversations with Mr. B. on the subject of his nomination; that Mr. B. had spoken to him, deponent, with reserve as to his own nomination, rather advising that the people should be brought to move in the matter—and that the person they they should fix on ought to be the candidate—that he did not tell Driggs that Mr. Birney had told him, deponent, that he, Birney, would refrain from agitating the question of Abolition in the House, or anything else to give the least ground for such a statement—that he did not tell Driggs that he had in his possession a letter from Mr. Birney, authorizing him, (deponent,) to make the statements imputed to him by Driggs, or any other statements whatever, in relation to what he would do in the event of his being elected, as the following copy of *the only letter* ever received by deponent from Mr. Birney will sufficiently show:

LOWER SAGINAW, Sept. 3, 1844.

DEAR SIR:—You do not find, in the North Star, the proceedings of our meeting held in the school-house during the term of the Court. On my return, I asked the editor to publish them. He refused to do so, and told me, in the presence of several others, that he did so, under the influence of Mr. Williams and Mr. Miller. I then offered to pay him for printing them in handbill form; this too, he refused to do. He seemed to have been impressed with the belief, that if he should publish them, he would make himself liable to an action or prosecution for libel. I told him I would stand between him and all consequences of that sort, and that if he desired it, I would give him my bond to that effect. But even this did not induce him to consent.

These are high-handed measures taking them altogether. If this occasion is not taken by the people to rebuke in the most signal manner such attempts to keep from them a knowledge of their affairs, by muzzling the press, they might almost as well give up the affairs and management of the county to those who seem almost ready to assume the place of Dictators. I am determined to do what I can to set matters on a right footing—but I shall not be able to do it unless the people stand by me. I wish you would circulate the facts that I have mentioned, as widely and as speedily as you can among our county-men. I have prepared for publication an account of our meeting in the school-house, and what took place between the editor of the North Star and myself, and shall send it to Detroit or Ann Arbor to have it printed. As soon as I get it, I will send you some of the copies for circulation. If the people intend to run another candidate for the House, beside the regularly nominated one by the parties, they ought to let it be known as soon as possible; at all events, before the regular nominations are made.

Yours, &c.
JAMES G. BIRNEY."

MR. GARLAND, Bridgeport.

The above letter is postmarked "Saginaw, Mich. Sept. 5th," and addressed to deponent, at "Bridgeport, P. O. at the Cass river." The original is now in deponent's possession, ready to be shown to any one who may desire to see it, as Mr. Birney has requested it should be. Deponent in conclusion states, that he was desirous of having Mr. Birney elected, because he believed him honest and capable, and that whatever interests of the County or State might come before the Legislature, he could promote them more effectually than any other man we had amongst us. Deponent thought it would be honorable to the county to send such a man to represent it, and to that effect expressed himself to Mr. Driggs. Deponent also states, that it is wholly untrue that said Driggs asked him to make affidavit to what he told said Driggs. He made no such request, nor even alluded to his making an affidavit of the facts he had stated.

[Signed,] J. B. GARLAND.

The State of Michigan, } ss.
Saginaw County. }

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace, in and for said county, the above named Jerome B. Garland, and makes oath that the foregoing statements are true to the best of his recollection and belief.

Sworn and subscribed this twelfth day of November, 1844. NOAH BEACH,
Justice of the Peace.

DEPOSITION OF JOSEPH F. MARSAC.

The State of Michigan, } ss.
Saginaw County. }

Deponent states that he is a resident of the town of Hampton, in said county, a near neighbor of James G. Birney, and a member of the Democratic party. Deponent was pleased with the course pursued by Mr. Birney in exposing the mismanagement of our county affairs, and believing that he could ably promote the interests of the county in the Legislature, deponent was desirous that Mr. Birney should be the county Representative. With that view, and without any reference to general politics, deponent asked Mr. Birney if he would serve in that capacity if he should be nominated by the Democratic Convention of the county, and elected. He said he would, and that he would serve the county if he should be elected on any nomination. A few days before our town delegation to the County Democratic Convention were chosen, I asked Mr. Birney if he would attend as a delegate if he were elected to do so. To this Mr. Birney unhesitating replied, "By no means, Captain: you know I am no party-democrat." Nothing more was said. Deponent attended as a delegate in the County Convention, and voted for Mr. Birney's nomination.

JOSEPH E. MARSAC.

The State of Michigan, } ss.
Saginaw County. }

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace, in and for said county, the above named Joseph F. Marsac, and made oath that the foregoing statements are true, to the best of his recollection and belief.

Sworn to and subscribed this 12th day of November, 1844.

THOMAS ROGERS,
Justice of the Peace.

From the Christian Citizen.

ALL MORTGAGED!

To one born and bred in New England, the sentiment must be inevitable, that it is a "free country." The language of every-day life teems with that capital idea. It is the first idea that infancy is taught, and the last one forgotten by old age. *Freedom, Liberty, Free Institutions, Free Soil,* &c. are terms of costly water in the jewelry of our patriotism.

How pleasant it is to think—be it true or false—that cold, hard-soiled, pure-skyed New England, is, indeed, a free land! that in her long struggle for freedom, she expunged from her soil every crimson spot, every lineament of human slavery, and severed every ligament that connected her with that inhuman institution! And so we thought. We got out of our cradle with that idea. It was in our heart when we first looked up at the blue sky, and listened to the little merry birds that were swimming in its bosom. It was in our heart, like thoughts of music, when the spring winds came, and spring voices twittered in the tree-tops; when the swallow and the lark and all the summer birds sang for joy, and the meadow-stream chimed in its silvery treble, deftly singing to the daisies. When everything was alive with the rapture of freedom, we thought, among other bright and boyish vagaries, that this land was free—free as the air; otherwise we would never have slid down hill on it, or rolled up a snow-fort, or have done anything of the kind by way of sport. And we were told that it was free. Old men that wore queues and hobbled about on crutches, came and sat by our father's fireside, and showed great scars on their flesh, and told how much it had cost to make this land free. And on a hot summer day of every year, the people stuck up a long pole in the middle of the village green; and they tied to the top a large piece of striped cloth; and they rung the bell in the steeple; and they shot off a hollow log of cast-iron; and the hills and woods trembled at the noise, and father said, and everybody said, it was because this land was free. It was our boyhood's thought, and of all our young fancies, we loved it best; for there was an element of religion in it. We have clung fondly to the patriotic illusion, and should have hugged it to our bosom through life, but for an incident that suddenly broke up the dream.

While meditating, one Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, upon the blessings of this free, gospel land, and on the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbor opened the door, and whispered cautiously in our ear, that a young, sable fugitive from Slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by his fire. "A slave in New England!" exclaimed we, as we took down our hat;—"is it possible that slaves can breathe *here* and not be free!"

There were many of us that gathered around that young man; and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy; and tears came into their eyes when he spoke of his widowed slave mother; and there were young sisters, with Sunday-school books in their hands, that surrounded him, and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains," and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had tracked him from one place to another; they were even now hard at his heels; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chase; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told, with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity, and recapture; for thrice had he fled from Slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. He was checkered over with the marks of the scourge, for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him of his passion for freedom. A worse fate awaited him if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window, and softly asked the nearest way to *Canada*. Canada and heaven, he said, were the only two places that the slave sighed for, and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. He laid his hand on the latch, and his eyes asked if he might go. We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our own, when the children came near and asked their parents why the negro boy might not live in Massachusetts, and why he should go so far to find a home. And we looked in each other's faces and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for "*the bond*," and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written, that there was not an acre nor an inch of ground within the limits of the great American Republic which was not mortgaged to Slavery. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and we saw it written,—"too fairly writ"—that there was not a foot of soil in New England—not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty, or religion—not a square inch on Bunker Hill, or any other hill, nor cleft, or cavern in her mountain sides, nor nook in her dells, or lair in her forests, nor a hearth, nor a cabin-door, which did not bear the bloody *endorsement* in favor of Slavery. "It was in the bond"—the bond of our Union, "ordained to establish Justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"—it was in that anomalous instrument, that the slave-hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of this land of the free.

It was a bright night. The heavens were full of eyes looking down upon the earth; and we wished that they were closed for an hour; that the clouds would come over the moon; for the man-hunters had come. They had tracked the young fugitive, and were lying in wait to seize him even on the hearth of a freeman. We never shall forget that hour. We had attired the young slave in a female garb, and put his hand within the arm of one of our number. A passing cloud obscured the moon, and the two issued into the street. Softly and silently we followed them at a distance, and our hearts were heavy within us, that Massachusetts had no law that could extend protection to that young human being, or permit him to be protected without law. It was a strange feeling to walk the streets of Worcester, as if treading on enemies' ground; to avoid the houses and faces of our neighbors and friends, as if they were all slaveholders, and in pursuit of the fugitive; as if here, in the heart of the Old Bay State, there was something felonious in that deed of mercy that would obliterate the track of the innocent image of God flying for life and liberty before his relentless pursuer. We passed close by the old Burial Ground, where slumbered many a hero of Seventy-Six. There, within a stone's throw, was the grave of Captain Peter Slater, one of the "Indians" who threw the taxed tea into Boston harbor. It was a moment of humiliation and indignant grief, when passing by his monument, we compared the taxes on tea and sugar of his day, with that despotic *land-tax*, that slave-breeding incumbrance, that Shylock mortgage which the founders of our Constitution imposed upon every square inch of New England, in the terms of "the bond."

We have now neither time nor space to tell the story of that young fugitive. We wish he might tell it himself upon every hearthstone of New England. We wish no human heart a needless unpleasant emotion; but we would that every child in this "land of the free" might see a slave,—a being that OWNS A GOD, yet owned, and bound, and beat, and sold by man. We would have the rising generation well instructed in the terms of "the bond," and a few personal illustrations of the condition which it "secures" might be of service in defining their path of duty. They will soon enter upon this goodly heritage; and shall we give it over into their hands encumbered with this iniquitous entailment in favor of Slavery? No! if there be wealth enough in all New England's jewels—in the cabinet of her great deeds of virtue and patriotism—let us lift this bloody mortgage from *one square acre* of her soil, whereupon the hunted slave may say, "*I thank my God that I too am at last a Man!*" When trembling and panting, he struck his foot on that consecrated spot, then the chase should cease, though his master and his dogs were at his heels. That *English* acre in New England should be another *Canada* for the fugitive bondman. He should carry a handful of its soil in his bosom as a certificate, honored throughout the world, that he was FREE.

From the Liberator.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Pursuant to the notification of the President and Secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, according to the Constitution, the thirteenth annual meeting was held in the Marlboro' Chapel, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of January.

On Wednesday morning, January 24th, the President of the Society, Francis Jackson, took the chair.

After opportunity for prayer, the following persons were appointed assistant Secretaries:—William A. White, William P. Atkinson, Mary H. Lincoln.

Committees were then appointed, as follows:

Committee on Business:—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, Charles L. Remond, C. C. Burleigh.

Committee on the Roll and Finance:—Cyrus M. Burleigh, James N. Buffum, Cornelius Bramhall.

Committee on Nomination of Officers:—Edmund Quincy, Wm. Ashby, Andrew Robeson, J. T. Everett, Wm. C. Nell, Amos Farnsworth, Frederic Douglas, Adin Ballou.

The Treasurer's Report was read and accepted. The Annual Report of the Board of Managers was read by the Corresponding Secretary, Edmund Quincy, of Dedham.

On motion of W. A. White, all persons present, or to be present, were invited to take part in the deliberations of the Society. Adjourned.

Wednesday Afternoon.—The President read the correspondence between himself and the Hon. Samuel Hoar.

BOSTON, Jan. 17, 1845.

Hon. SAMUEL HOAR:

SIR:—The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society holds its annual meeting on Friday evening, January 25, at the Representatives' Chamber of the State House, and I am instructed by the Board of Managers, to invite your attendance on that occasion, which I do with much respect and cordiality.

Recent events, and circumstances now in progress, have, more than at any other time since the Union of these States, shown to the people of the non-slaveholding States, more clearly and fully the true character and designs of the slaveholding power of this country, and the utter disregard, by the South, of constitutional obligations, when opposed to the popular sentiment.

The intention of strengthening the slaveholding power by the annexation of Texas, for the purpose of pledging the whole country to its indefinite extension and perpetuation, and consequently to its future domination in the national councils, seems to have awakened fears, and created apprehensions the most serious, among a large portion of the Northern people who have heretofore stood aloof from this question, and have generally considered the institution of Slavery, its course and its consequences, of no positive or particular concern of the people of the non-slaveholding States. A more correct view of this subject seems now to pervade the public mind, and it is more generally felt and acknowledged, that any vital error or disease, in one part of the body politic will most certainly and seriously affect the whole system.

The signs of the times do certainly indicate, that the struggle between Slavery and Liberty has commenced, in so far, at least, as to which principle shall predominate in the national councils, and hereafter give its tone and policy to national affairs.

On a question of such far-reaching and vital importance, it is especially desirable that information of the character and condition of Slavery, with the designs of those who advocate it, should be widely diffused, and full discussion exercised upon the means best adapted to save the non-slaveholding States from being chained to a system which they do, or ought to abhor, and which they will then be forced to sustain and uphold.

It is in this respect, and not in the expectation that our views of slavery and of emancipation will precisely agree with your own, that we venture to solicit your attendance and co-operation. And your recent experience of the fruits of Slavery leads us to hope that you may perceive the propriety of our invitation, and feel no disinclination to accept it.

With much regard and esteem.
FRANCIS JACKSON.

BOSTON, January 20, 1845.

FRANCIS JACKSON:

SIR:—I received, on Saturday last, your kind invitation in behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to attend their annual meeting on Friday evening next.

If the existence of Slavery any where on earth, but especially in our own country, were ever regarded by me with indifference, it must have been owing to great torpor or stupidity.

I suppose you will readily believe, that recent events have had no tendency to give me a more favorable opinion of this gigantic evil. The prospect of increasing its domain, strengthening its influence, and, as far as possible, protracting its duration,—and all this by a people professing Christianity and a love of human liberty,—strikes me with horror.

Massachusetts is called on to express, audibly and emphatically, her voice on this subject. To me it seems that this should be done without distinction of sect or party, by delegates elected by the whole people for this express purpose.

Such a measure, you are aware, is contemplated. I hope that no town in the Commonwealth will fail in its representation.

I must, however, respectfully decline to accept your friendly invitation.

I fear that, were I now to attend your meeting, it might be imputed to a new-born zeal in the cause of liberty, produced by narrow and selfish considerations.

I have had several invitations, of late, to attend meetings of societies for similar purposes, which, for the same reason, I have declined.

Respectfully, Sir,
Your ob't servant,
SAMUEL HOAR.

Mr. Phillips then presented and sustained the following resolution, which, after remarks from the Hon. Seth Sprague, Jr. of Duxbury, and Mr. S. S. Foster, was adopted:

Resolved, That the annexation of Texas is not only unconstitutional, and in itself a dissolution of the Union, but, in regard to its momentous consequences, and being the last of a long series of aggressions and usurpations on the part of the South, and evidence of a studied and systematic attempt to pervert to the support of Slavery, all the power and influence of the national Government, such annexation makes it the duty of the Northern States, by all they owe to Liberty and Justice, and themselves, immediately, on its taking place, to call conventions for the organization of a new National Government.

Notwithstanding which,

Resolved, That, in the view of this Society, the whole progress of the Texas plot, and the spirit in which it has been met here, clearly prove that the whole northern mind is swallowed up and corrupted by party contests and party ambition, and that no efficient action, whatever, will be taken by the free States, should such action take place—which fact only more clearly proves to us, that nothing is to be hoped for from the North for freedom, while the public opinion continues chilled and tarnished by the influence of this Union; and proves to us, still more forcibly than heretofore, the rightfulness and the necessity of our war-cry, of

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

And the duty of every honest man and Abolitionist to denounce and repudiate the unholy compact of the Constitution.

Mr. S. S. Foster presented a resolution concerning the future conduct of Massachusetts in the case of the expulsion of her officer, the Hon. Samuel Hoar, from the port of Charleston, S. C. The subject was discussed by S. S. Foster, Henry Clapp, Jr. and C. C. Burleigh. Adjourned.

[The following excellent resolutions on this subject were drawn up by Adin Ballou, and intended to be presented and advocated by him, but he was compelled to leave before he had an opportunity of doing so. We insert them here, but not, of course, as a part of the official proceedings:

Resolved, That the people and States of South Carolina and Louisiana, by their recent outrageous proceedings towards the people and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having superadded to a long series of grievous injuries, the most intolerable insult, and ought no longer to be regarded by the latter as friendly co-equals of a common society, but as haughty and insolent foreign offenders.

Resolved, That Massachusetts, as among the foremost of civilized Commonwealths, and pre-eminently the vindicator of natural rights, owes it to Almighty God, to the hopes of the human race, to her own dignity, and the very integrity of her social existence, forthwith to suspend all commercial and political intercourse with the said people and States, until they shall have brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

Resolved, That the people of this Commonwealth, by their Representatives in general Convention assembled, ought to promulgate a solemn manifesto to the people of the United States, and of the civilized world, setting forth the wrongs inflicted on our unoffending citizens in violation of sacred Constitutional pledges, the wanton contempt with which our most friendly efforts to obtain redress have been repelled, and of our absolute determination, by the peaceable means of Christian rebuke and non-intercourse, to maintain inviolate the dignity and rights of our Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the noblest spectacle which the people of this Commonwealth can exhibit to the world, under the injuries and insults they are receiving, will be to abstain from all retaliation and violence; to pledge to each other ample pecuniary relief of all distresses occasioned to individuals by commercial and political non-intercourse with their common injurers; and by a spirit of indomitable self-sacrifice, to suffer together for the loss of every worldly advantage, rather than surrender the ark of justice and human rights to its vindictive assailants.

Resolved, That any inhabitants of this Commonwealth, who shall uphold, by word or deed, the injurious, insulting, and violent proceedings of South Carolina and Louisiana, aforesaid, and shall attempt to hinder the strict observance of a peaceable, commercial, and political non-intercourse with the people of said States, during their present hostile attitude, ought to be held in public execration as infidels to every high moral principle, as betrayers of civil liberty, as enemies to the communities in which they dwell, as unworthy of any political office or franchise, and as fit only to become renegades among the kindred spirits with whom they sympathize.

Resolved, That if the people and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, under the injuries and contempt heaped upon them by the people and States of South Carolina and Louisiana, shall evince no lively sense of their own dignity, or of the trust reposed in them by an expectant world, and through the contamination of party politics, or the sordid love of commercial gain, shall tamely continue in full fellowship with their unprincipled and insolent injurers, that their certain and deserved doom will be degradation, slavery, and ultimate social ruin.

Resolved, That whatever course the people of this Commonwealth, in their associate capacity, may pursue, amid the present alarming crisis, it becomes the Anti-Slavery hosts to warn them in thunder-tones of impending danger, to admonish them of their duty, and to set an example of unshaken, tireless, eternal devotion to the liberties and equal rights of man—never doubting that truth, justice, equity, and benevolence will ultimately triumph.]

Wednesday Evening.—Mr. Foster's resolution was taken up, and after discussion by Mr. Mellen, Dr. Walter Channing, S. S. Foster, W. A. White, S. J. May, John Allen, J. N. Buffum, Wendell Phillips, Frederic Douglas, Uriah Ritchie, and ——— Lunt, the whole subject was referred to a special Committee, consisting of W. Phillips, W. A. White, S. S. Foster.

After a song from the Hutchinson Family, the meeting adjourned.

Thursday Morning.—The special committee on the affairs of Massachusetts and South Carolina, reported the following resolution, which, after discussion by Messrs. Phillips, Clapp, Foster, White, Buffum, Daniel Ricketson, S. J. May, Garrison, Quincy, C. C. Burleigh, and Ballou, was adopted without dissent:

Resolved, That, while this Society has neither the right nor the wish to demand or to defend a resort to physical force even for the execution of the laws, leaving that question entirely to the individual consciences of its members, and heartily responding to the sublime sentiment of O'Connell, that "no political reform was ever worth the shedding of a single drop of blood," still it cannot but see that, *judging by the principles on which this Government is based and has been conducted*, the Executive of this State is bound to demand of the Executive of the Union, that the provisions of the Constitution be faithfully carried out, and that the Hon. Samuel Hoar, as agent of Massachusetts, be sustained by the Federal Government in his right of residence in the port of Charleston—and that as protection and allegiance are correlative, the one ceasing with the other, if the Federal Executive shall either refuse or be unable to secure to Massachusetts the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution, then this Union is by that fact dissolved, and Massachusetts, on all the principles of national law, under her own Constitution, becomes unlimitedly sovereign and independent—bound and able to exercise all the rights of sovereignty in the protection of her citizens. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Legislature ought, *judging by the principles of the Government*, to memorialize the Governor to that effect, and to authorize him, by proclamation, in case of such an event occurring as the refusal of the President of the Union to sustain the rights of Massachusetts to recall our Senators and Representatives from Congress, and to call a Convention for the purpose of arranging the internal and foreign relations of the State—seeing that, by such refusal to act, the Federal Government has abdicated office, and is politically dead.

Thursday Afternoon.—The following resolutions were presented by Henry Clapp, Jr. and after remarks by himself and C. C. Burleigh, were laid on the table to afford time for the consideration of the cases of Walker, and others, in prison at the South.

Resolved, That in the infamous treatment which the official agents of this State recently received from the authorities of South Carolina and Louisiana, we recognize the natural fruit of the peculiar institutions of the South, and the legitimate consequence of the pro-slavery subserviency of the North;—and that, in the opinion of this Society, Massachusetts has no occasion to say to either of those States, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou." And therefore,

Resolved, That the duty of this Society is to continue what John C. Calhoun calls its "plundering agitation," by exposing the terrible iniquity of the slave system and its upholders, and calling upon all men, without distinction of caste, color, state, *nation*, or any outward condition, instantly to withdraw themselves from all pro-slavery connection, and to assume an uncompromising Anti-Slavery position.

While the resolution on the cases of Walker and others were being written, the following resolution was offered by Wendell Phillips, and adopted:

Resolved, That this Society has heard with deep sorrow that one of its members, John Murray Spear, a man well known in this community by the devotion of his life to the highest interests of humanity—for his amiable manners and tolerant and loving spirit, was brutally and unprovokedly assaulted in the streets of Portland, resulting in illness which has endangered his life, and still confines him to his chamber; and that it learns with indignation that neither the citizens, with few honorable exceptions, nor the city authorities, have made any proper expression of their disapproval of such a disgraceful and cowardly outrage.

The Committee on nomination of officers for the ensuing year reported, by their chairman, Mr. Quincy, the list which appears in another column, and which included the name of E. G. Loring. It was unanimously adopted.

The following letter from Ellis Gray Loring, Esq. was then read:

BOSTON, Jan. 23, 1845.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society;

DEAR FRIEND:—Not being able to concur, either on grounds of principle or policy, in the "Disunion" doctrine, now adopted as cardinal by the Society, I feel that I should not properly represent its views, as a member of the Board of Managers.

You will therefore signify to the Society my wish not to be a candidate for re-election as an officer.

I trust it is needless to say to you, that I resign my seat at the Board from no alienation of feeling in respect to the Society or its Managers, but that I am,

With unabated affection and esteem,
Their and your friend,
ELLIS GRAY LORING.

Edmund Quincy moved that the thanks of this Society be presented to Ellis Gray Loring, Esq. for his faithful services as Auditor of this Society during the past year, and as a member of the Board of Managers, since its formation: which, being seconded by W. L. Garrison, was unanimously carried.

The following resolutions were reported [*and subsequently adopted*] and discussed by Messrs. Foster, Lunsford Lane, C. C. Burleigh, F. Douglas, and Mr. Andrews.

Resolved, That language fails us to express our indignation at the conduct of Capt. Gilbert Ricketson, of New Bedford, in returning to Virginia to surrender his steward and the poor

Garrison. The Committee appointed at a previous annual meeting on the claim of Mr. Haskell, reported, and on motion of S. Philbrick, their report was adopted. Adjourned.

Friday Afternoon.—This session was partly occupied in raising funds; after which, Mr. Garrison offered the following resolution, which was sustained by himself and the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Roxbury, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Society is greatly cheered and strengthened by the continued and earnest co-operation of its Abolition friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and that, in an especial manner, its thanks be offered to the Glasgow Emancipation Society and its supporters, for their active zeal and faithful adherence to the glorious cause of universal emancipation.

Mr. Foster offered the following resolution, which was discussed by himself, the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and Mr. Clapp, and laid on the table:

Resolved, That we view with inexpressible loathing and disgust the conduct of the clergy of this State, in tamely and silently acquiescing in the imprisonment of one of their number, for one of the very few noble deeds which do honor to the profession, and entitle them to a recognition as members of the human family.

The following resolutions from the Business Committee were adopted:

Resolved, That this Society remains convinced, not only by general principles, but still more by its own cheering experience, of the necessity and benefit of organized and associated action; and recommends to all the towns within the Commonwealth, the revival, so far as possible—no matter how few their numbers—of their town Societies.

Resolved, That this Society takes the first opportunity since the decision of the American Anti-Slavery Society, taking ground against any political union with slaveholders, or support of the United States Constitution by voting or taking office under it, to express its acquiescence and hearty concurrence in that movement, and to record its conviction that in such a principle, and its fearless and constant exhibition, rest the best, if not the only hope of the slave.

Resolved, That while we are too sad, in view of the past ten years of gag-law on the floor of Congress, to hope much for liberty from any efforts which party can or will make in her behalf—still, whether it be love of liberty or mere regard to decency, we cannot but rejoice that the day has come when the Congress of the United States are ashamed to be tyrants, and to confess themselves afraid of free speech.

Friday Evening, at the State House.—Mr. Garrison moved the following resolutions, which, after speeches by the mover, C. L. Remond, Wendell Phillips, and Frederic Douglas, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, a meeting of the people of Massachusetts has been summoned in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday next, the 29th instant, to enter their solemn protest against the Annexation of Texas to the United States; therefore,

Resolved, That this Society cordially responds to this summons, as in the highest degree important and timely, and especially as it is not made to any party or sect, as such, but to all the people.

Whereas, The question of the Annexation of Texas is one in which every interest of the country is involved, and soars infinitely above all party considerations; therefore,

Resolved, That any attempt to make this question a party one, for the purpose of throwing odium upon those who are politically, constitutionally, and religiously opposed to the Annexation of Texas, or weakening the efforts making to prevent the consummation of this atrocious conspiracy to extend and perpetuate Slavery, deserves to meet with the righteous indignation and stern rebuke of every friend of freedom and equal rights.

Resolved, That the recent pretended change of opinion on the part of Democratic leaders, in this State—after the solemn legislative pledge of the last winter against the foul plot of Texas annexation—into being the loud-mouthed supporters of the scheme, and the base attempt of the Morning Post, (the leading organ of the Democratic party,) to stigmatize the approaching Faneuil Hall meeting as partaking of the character which that party has endeavored opprobriously to affix to the Hartford Convention, and to persuade our Democratic fellow-citizens not to give any countenance to that meeting—indicate a degree of brazen effrontery, and a depth of political depravity, never surpassed, if ever equalled, in the party annals of our Slavery-cursed country.

Resolved, That genuine Democracy never strikes hands with tyrants or the abettors of tyranny, but at all times, under all circumstances, and at all hazards, is for breaking the chains of the oppressed, and proclaiming liberty to all mankind.

The thanks of the Society for the use of the Representatives' Hall, were then voted to the Legislature of Massachusetts, with instructions to the President of the Society to communicate the same to the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

After a song from the HUTCHINSON FAMILY, the Society adjourned, *sine die*.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President.—FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston.

Vice Presidents.—Seth Sprague, Duxbury; O. Gardner, Nantucket; A. Robeson, New-Bedford; Samuel May, Leicester; N. B. Borden, Fall River; Harris Cowdrey, Acton; S. Lothrop, Cambridgeport; N. Webster, Haverhill; George Hoyt, Athol; A. Farnsworth, Groton; T. P. Locke, Barre, J. Southwick, Boston, Wm. Bassett, Lynn; S. J. May, Lexington; John C. Gore, Roxbury; Adin Ballou, Milford; Caroline Weston, New-Bedford; J. M. Fiske, W. Brookfield; J. T. Everett, Princeton; J. M. Spear, Weymouth; E. L. Capron, Uxbridge; Z. Rhoades, N. Marlboro'; W. B. Earle, Leicester; B. Snow, Jr. Fitchburg; J. Church, Springfield; J. Gifford, Sandwich; H. G. Wood, Middleboro'; G. Miles, Westminster; W. B. Stone, Gardner; James N. Buffum, Lynn.

Corresponding Secretary.—Edmund Quincy, Dedham.

Recording Secretary.—Henry W. Williams, Boston.

Treasurer—Samuel Philbrick, Brookline.

Auditor.—Edmund Jackson, Boston.

Counsellors.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, John T. Hilton, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, John Rogers, Cornelius Bramhall, Anne W. Weston, Henry I. Bowditch, Charles L. Remond, Robert F. Walcutt.

[For acknowledgment of receipts and disbursements of the Society, see Notices.]

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

THE BLACK LAWS OF MARYLAND.

We are pained to the heart, to see the hand of cruelty at work in relation to the free black and mulatto residents of the State. There is now under way a movement to increase the penalties of constables in relation to the suppression of meetings of the colored people. In the name of mercy, do our legislators wish to degrade the office of constable still lower? Better use blood-hounds at once!

A law of 1831 provided that any free colored person should only leave the State to return again, on condition of such person filing a certificate of his intentions, the nature of his business, &c. It seems that the law has been so altered that a colored person is forbidden to return to the State after an absence of thirty days. We denounce this law as a dark stain upon the statute-book—a cruel exercise of petty tyranny! And we warn Gov. Pratt to think of the interests of his own party (leaving higher considerations out of view) before he sanctions this and other bills in contemplation. Tamper not with the growing sentiment of *our own citizens*, upon this subject, unless you are willing to drive hundreds of Anti-Slavery Whigs from your ranks—ay, hundreds of Anti-slavery men *in Maryland*. Rest assured that these will hold a Whig Legislature and Whig Governor answerable for these returns to barbarism, for the purpose of propping the rotten fabric of slavery.

We write not as a politician, but as a *man* pleading for our *fellow-men*. And would to God, there were now in our Legislature, some one with enough of moral courage to *speak* for the down-trodden—to rebuke this spirit of heartless cruelty—to tell the projectors of such laws, that they cannot consistently complain of "northern interference" while a class of our fellow-men are placed in as bad a light to the Yankee, as that in which we of the South have been wont to view the Heathen of other lands! Would there were some member who had the courage to tell them that they are destroying, in their madness, that which they are aiming to preserve—that they are playing into the hands of their enemies, giving them fresh pretexts for the kind of action of which they so bitterly complain. God grant our legislators more wisdom and humanity, and a power to discriminate between needful laws and despotic cruelty! We go for the protection of slave-property, as other property, while it is recognized, but we will not consent to have it protected by laws of such needless severity.

Some of the legislators of Maryland really seem to conduct themselves as though they were sent to Annapolis and paid for staying there, for the express purpose of protecting their slave-property, on the one hand, and concocting modes of petty tyranny toward the free blacks, on the other. To the first we have no objection—nay, we should be ready to applaud it, were there not a disposition shown to treat Slavery as if the only great interest of the State. To the last, we need hardly say, we do object, and that most solemnly and earnestly! As a Marylander, ready as the next man, to proclaim a sincere interest in the prosperity of the State, we plant ourself upon our constitutional rights, with a firm determination to speak out amid the shamefully apathetic silence which prevails on this subject.

We learn that the lower house of our legislature has passed a bill bringing Baltimore city and Anne Arundel County under the provisions of chapter 150 of a law of 1836, which prohibits any boat being sailed in our waters under the sole command of colored men. Of this measure we are not prepared to speak, not having heard the alledged reasons for the law. There may be those of a sufficiently urgent character. At any rate, it seems to look to uniformity of legislation, and we presume it is designed to operate upon the freeman and the slave alike—at least it should do so.

It seems the House has also passed a bill providing for the registry of free blacks and mulattoes in this State. It enjoins upon all free males between twenty-one and fifty years of age, who are capable of supporting themselves by labor to present themselves annually to the County Clerk, between the 1st of April and 1st of June, to register their names and ages. For the registry each is to pay the sum of $1, and for failing to comply with the law, he is subjected to a fine of from $5 to $10, for the payment of which he is liable to be hired out. It is gratifying to learn that this bill only passed by a majority of three votes—26 to 23; and had Mr. Williams, of this city, been present, (as he was not, owing to indisposition,) the majority would have doubtless been less still.

No wonder this bill proved unacceptable to *twenty-three human hearts!* It is at once absurd and barbarous, and carries the seal of its own infamy upon its very face! Look at its provision to make hundreds of oppressed and down-trodden men pay from five to ten dollars, for what? Why, *for not being able to pay* $1. Was such absurdity ever heard of? Then the proposition to "hire them out" to pay the *fine imposed on account of their poverty!* In the name of justice is poverty a *crime?* It would really seem some of our legislators (?) so think! Now the fact is just this: The framers of this bill hope to drive the free blacks from this State by dint of oppression heaped upon oppression; or, not succeeding thus, virtually to sell them into *slavery*. Who will vouch for the rights of a colored man hired for a single month to some unprincipled slave-dealer or his more unprincipled tool? Not we, verily—for we have known too much of their way of doing things.

Again we say to Whig Senators and a Whig Governor, think of your party if not of your obligations to humanity. The eyes of thousands will be upon you, when you come to act upon these bills of abominations.

P. S. Will some one of our legislative readers, be kind enough to give us the *names* of the voters on these odious bills? We want to know for whom to cast *our* vote, hereafter.

The following extracts from the letters of the Rev. Wm. Raymond, published in the Union Missionary, will be found worthy of perusal by all our readers, and especially so by those who are interested in the cause of Missions in Africa. In other letters Mr. Raymond speaks of the wants of the wants of the Mendi Mission, both in money and laborers.

KAW-MENDI, July 10th, 1844.

* * * * * * *

It is true the King did not treat me well, by doing his part as he ought. He left me here for near two months alone, to get along as I could, while he was at Sea-Bar with the other kings, building a *slave-factory*. It is true, when he did come here, he brought with him slave goods, part of which, a hogshead of *tobacco*, and a puncheon of *rum*, he put into the room in which *we live*, for protection. Every morning, at family prayers, I have to kneel by the side of a puncheon of rum—that is, when we were permitted to have prayers at all. They drew the rum from the bung-hole, and consequently spilled a good deal of it upon the ground, which kept up a continual stench. Our house was a regular *Rum-shop* and *Slave-factory*, and I could not help myself. I was thankful that the rum was soon gone, and the puncheon removed. The tobacco also was soon gone; but the empty hogshead still stands there on one end, as an ornament to the room, and also to take up the spare room which, by the way, was *minus* before. I have asked the old man to take it out, but he says, he waits to save it to put rice in; and he is afraid, if he takes it out, it will get broken. By the way, that hogshead of tobacco cost him, or rather, he agreed to pay for it, *twelve slaves*, and for the rum, I understood, *six*. You can see by that how profitable the slave trade is. It is true also, that since the old man returned from Sea-Bar, almost every day I have heard the clanking of chains, which surrounded the necks of immortal beings. The slave trade is carried on, I may with propriety say, quite briskly right around me. In fact, as I have already said, my own dwelling over my head has been converted into a slave-factory, and myself the protector of slave goods.

All these, and many other things which I might mention, are true, which look discouraging; but there are many other things true on the other side of the question, which materially alter its feature. Mr. Tucker is not alone in this slave business; but all the kings are united. The best location for a slave factory is in the old man's dominions; and when the Spaniards came, and wished to build up the place and renew the trade, he could not refuse without having all the other kings against him, which would be no very desirable thing. I do not mean by this that he did not wish them to come, for I suppose he was as anxious for it as any of them. When at Sea-Bar, the other kings, and the Spaniards, and the Frenchman, who has the old man's daughter, among the foremost, laughed at the old man for selling his country to me. This the old man told me himself. They told him that now the white men (Spaniards) could not come here to trade. I heard that the other chiefs were combined together against the old man, because he had sold the country to the *white man*.

You can easily see, how under these circumstances, he would be much more forward to assist in building the slave-factory, than in assisting me, even though he were otherwise inclined. You can easily see what would be the workings of human nature under these circumstances. You can also see one reason why he placed our annual rent so high. He has assisted me since his return.

Saturday, July 14th. I will now mention two or three things which I consider as encouraging.

1st. *The influence of the mission on the slave-trade.* One might suppose that, situated as we are, some thirty miles from the sea, we would have but little influence on the slave-trade; but it is not so. Our influence is very great. The native slave-traders feel it—the Spaniards feel it. They feel that we are an obstacle in their way, else what means their telling Mr. Tucker that he has sold the country, and the white men (Spaniards) cannot come here to trade? Even the native traders feel conscious that it is wrong. They well know my sentiments respecting it, and they feel somewhat embarrassed. I was much surprised to see how bold Mr. Tucker was when he first commenced the business. He did not seem to try at all to conceal it from me. I afterward heard that he said, "if I conceal it now, he will make me afraid by and by." This shows two things, that I am an impediment in his way; and the shrewdness of the man. A short time ago, De Castro, the man who has the factory at the Sea-Bar, was here. He stopped but a few minutes. The next morning, at the breakfast table, I told Mr. Charles, the king's son, that I was his father's white stranger, and so was this Spaniard, and that he ought to have brought him and introduced him to me. He said he tried very hard to have him come and see me, and he would not. The king's house where he stopped is not more than two or three rods from mine.

2d. *The influence of the mission on the King, Mr. Tucker.* Mr. Tucker was formerly a very extensive slave-dealer, and one would suppose that his heart had become completely calloused, but it is not so. He has a conscience left. I have talked frankly, freely, and faithfully with him on the subject from the very beginning. I never talked plainer or more faithfully to any man in my life, than I have to him. He received it all very kindly. Scarcely a day passes but we have some talk about it. Sometimes he himself begins the conversation. One of my greatest arguments with him is, that God made man in his own image, and whosoever sells a man, sells God's image, and God would fight against that man. The reason why I put the argument in just that shape was, because I heard him say, he was afraid of nothing but Almighty God. The old man is evidently troubled about it. He has several times frankly confessed to me that his conscience troubled him. He does not know what to do. He said to me a few days ago, suppose I give up this slave business, how am I to get a living? I told him he must trust in God for that; that it was better to eat a raw cassade every day and have a clean conscience, than to have an abundance of everything and have a guilty one. He said *yes;* and that no one who carried on this trade prospered. "Look," said he, "at the Cleavelands, they were very *rich*;" or, to use his own expression, "they had two or three houses full of money, and now where are they? Look at the Caulkers, and to old Henry Tucker, the one I was named after." The Clevelands and the Caulkers were formerly the most powerful and rich kings in the Sherbro; and the most extensive slave-traders. They now have neither power nor wealth. I told him to look at them, and see what he would come to himself. We had a long conversation, and during it, I told him I knew very well that he could not carry on the slave business, without his conscience troubling him. Said I, any one seeing Mr. Tucker put the chain on a man's neck, and go away and sell him, would say his heart is very hard—that he has no feeling at all; but wait till night, his conscience is going to trouble him then. He said, Yes.

He generally attends service on the Sabbath day, and he there hears the truth handled without mittens or gloves. I do not think I ever had greater liberty in preaching in my life, than I have had since I have been here. I have preached lately from such texts as these: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. "Be *sure* your sins will find you out." "The wages of sin is death," &c. I never felt to dwell so much upon God's utter abhorrence of sin, and the *absolute* certainty of its punishment, as lately. The old man never had such plain dealing before, and he is troubled; but which way it will turn, I cannot tell, though I am afraid he will only be hardened.

3d. *The influence of the mission on the people.* Of this I am not able to speak so decidedly, but that the influence is very considerable, I am well satisfied. They all know that I am an enemy to Slavery and the Slave-Trade. Wherever my name goes, that fact goes with it. When slaves have been brought here, I have talked against it, before all, to Mr. Tucker, or those who brought them. On one occasion, when a man was brought with handcuffs on, and a log of wood on his ankles, so heavy that it took a boy at each end to lift it along as he stepped (what may seem strange to us, the man laughed and made fun of it,) some boys were heard talking together, and said, if they were men, they would not do that.

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SLAVERY IN SHERBRO.

Mendi Mission House, Little Boom River, Sherbro, August 20th, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR:—At your request I will give you some account of the Slave-Trade as carried on here. I have long been intending to do this, but have not, on account of my information being so limited. I have been here only about five months, and as a matter of course, I have not, in that short time, become fully acquainted with all the *modus operandi* of this most nefarious traffic: but what little I have learned I most readily commit to paper and send you. After having given you,

I. The present state of the Slave-Trade in Sherbro, I will add

II. What I conceive to be the proper *remedy*.

I. The present state of the Slave-Trade in Sherbro.

As the trade has been lately renewed, it will be well to commence at the beginning. Soon after my removing to Kaw-Mendi, a letter was received by the King from Gallinas, requesting him to build up Ba-hall, the old slave-factory, again. A short time after, a Spaniard visited Kaw Mendi, and brought the King of "Kooman" a demijohn of rum, and a case or two of gin, requesting him to build up the place, and let them open a factory there. The Spaniard visited the other chiefs in the same way. The chiefs then all met together with their people at Ba-hall, and built a large house for the Spaniard, for a store, &c.

A vessel with a cargo of goods arrived some time before the house was completed. As soon as the part intended for a store was finished, the goods were landed. But the Spaniard would not let the chiefs have any goods for the purchase of slaves till they had paid up what they owed when the factory was destroyed last. The different chiefs and others owed about three hundred slaves. The King, (Harry Tucker,) owed six. Those who were able to pay, got goods, and those who were not able, did not. For a hogshead of tobacco they have to pay *twelve* slaves, for a puncheon of rum (120 gallons) *two* slaves, and have two months from the time they receive the goods, in which to pay the slaves. How they pay for other goods I have not learned.

Since the trade has commenced, from what I have seen and heard, I should judge that it had been carried on quite *briskly*. The trade is carried on as follows: The chiefs or others take goods as above described—carry them home, and distribute them to trusty persons, not unfrequently to confidential slaves, who take them into the Mendi (Cosso) country and there they purchase slaves, and bring them down.

Several weeks ago they brought between five and six hundred slaves from Gallinas, in order to ship them at Sea-Bar, because Gallinas was blockaded with men-of war, and they could not ship them there. When the slaves arrived at Ba-hall, they found a steamboat off the Bar, and consequently they could not ship them there. They remained at Ba-hall some days, perhaps ten, and were then taken back to Gallinas. While at Ba-hall there being no Barracoon, and nothing but a kind of shed to shelter them from the rain, they were on the point of insurrection. The Spaniards were obliged to call in the neighboring people, and to keep a strong watch night and day.

II. What I conceive to be the remedy.

It will be easily seen that whatever is the remedy, there must be an adaptation of the means to the end. It will be therefore necessary to ascertain the nature of the malady. Its character is evidently complex. It may, perhaps, not improperly be considered as a physical, political, and moral evil.

It is a *physical* evil only in reference to its wretched victims.

It is a *political* evil only in reference to those nations engaged in it. The Slave-Trade is not a political evil to England.

It is a *moral* evil in reference to the whole universe of God. It tramples under foot all the Laws of God and the rights of man;—degrades him to a chattel, a thing—makes barter of the image of God, &c. This leads me to say,

I. The remedy is not to be found in *physical power*.

1. I judge this to be so, because there is no adaption of the means to the end. The physical trait is not a prominent trait; so far from it, that it may perhaps be considered as a consequence of the trade rather than as forming a part of its character. If it be a trait of its character, it is so connected with the other two, that while they exist, they must exist, and when they cease it will also cease.

2d. I judge this to be so because of the comparatively little good that has been done by the extensive experiment that has been made. I say, little good, when compared with the almost infinite means, which have been used to accomplish it.

I would premise here, that in what I shall say of the inefficiency of an armed force to suppress this trade, I do not wish it to be understood that I censure or blame the British Government for using that force, for that purpose; far from that, I commend it. The active measures it has taken to abolish Slavery and the Slave-Trade throughout the world, give to the British Crown a lustre, which bedecks the crown of no other nation. The course that England has taken in reference to this trade, has caused her name to be written high, yea, very high in the Temple of Fame. It adds more glory to her name than a dozen battles of Waterloo could ever do. While the course the United States has taken,—not being able to bear the weight of her mother's crown, entered the Temple of Liberty, and inscribed her name in blazon characters, high above all others, and underscored it with significant lines and stripes, and bestudded it with dazzling stars to give a prominence, while at the same time she kept her iron foot on the necks of nearly one-sixth part of her population, and has acted in the same hypocritical manner ever since—has covered her name with everlasting shame and disgrace.

England, in endeavoring to suppress this trade, has used the kind of means which naturally belongs to her as a nation, and used them faithfully. Yet they have proved inefficient, and always must, from the very nature of the case. But is not her fault here, a want of adaptation of means to the end? Perhaps we may be able to judge more correctly as to how much real good has been done if we consider the following things:

1st. How much has the market been diminished?

2d. How much has the number of its victims been diminished?

3d. How much has the profit of the trader been diminished?

4th. What is the actual condition of those rescued?

1st. How much has the market been diminished?

On this point I confess a want of knowledge of facts permits me not to speak. But from the fact that the means used have been directed towards the supply, rather than the market, we are naturally led to the conclusion that the market has been affected only as the supply has been.

2d. How much has the number of its victims been diminished?

That you may be able to see the truth on this point, follow me for a few moments. First, let us go to Cuba, and take a view of the slave market there. We find there is a demand for five hundred slaves: now let us come back to the coast and visit a slave-factory. We find in the Barracoon just five hundred slaves, just enough to supply the market yonder. They are put on board—they set sail—they are taken as a prize, and carried into Sierra Leone. The demand still remains, yea, increases, and must and will be supplied; and from whence? From Africa, as a matter of course, except those smuggled in from the West India Islands and other places. Others must be hunted down, and torn from their homes, to fill the places of those who have been captured. We must not take the number of Liberated Africans in Sierra Leone, for the number of persons rescued from the horrors of Slavery. We must first subtract the number that has been taken to supply the market they were intended to supply, and we shall find the number very much diminished. Thus you see, the number that is kept out of remediless bondage is not so large, by far, as is generally supposed.

3. How much has the profit of the trader been diminished?

Follow me a little farther, and you will see that the trader finds the business nearly as profitable as before, or, at least, so profitable that he can well afford to run some risks. Let us now for a moment pay a visit to that slave factory. Let us go into the counting-house, and open the trader's books. We find that several years ago he gave a hogshead of tobacco for *four* slaves. Let us now turn over to the present time, and we find that though tobacco is cheaper than formerly, that instead of four he receives *twelve* slaves for a hogshead of tobacco. Thus you see, that while the men-of-war have increased his risks, he has diminished the price he pays for the slave, so that the profit remains about the same.

Let us now follow those twelve slaves he has just received for that hogshead of tobacco, to Cuba. We see them sold under the hammer for $340 each: add it up, and we find that the hogshead of tobacco, transferred from Africa in the shape of human cattle, brings in Cuba market the round sum of four thousand and eighty dollars. Surely, this is a profit which authorizes the trader to run great risks. (In February last, $340 was the market price of slaves in Cuba. See British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter for the month of April.) We see that if the profit is in any way diminished, the trade is now sufficiently profitable to induce the traders to carry it on, notwithstanding the great risks they are obliged to run.

4. What is the actual condition of those rescued?

We might well stop here; but in order to judge more correctly as to the real amount of good which has been done by the experiment of physical power, we must visit those who have been captured, and liberated in Sierra Leone. If we find them Christianized and civilized, making good citizens, and accumulating property, it will be so much in favor of physical power. We will go to Freetown, as that is the most favored spot in the colony. Here is a population of 15,000. We find 5,000 who are absolutely heathen, and who are permitted to practise their heathenish customs and worship without any molestation from Government. Yea, more than this, we find Europeans giving them money to see them go through with their devil worship and devil dances. Almost every night your ears are assailed with the monotonous tumtum of their drums, accompanied with the almost unearthly sound of their voices.

We find, then, that one-third of those who are carried into Sierra Leone are as much heathen as they were when they left their native country. From the two-thirds we have to subtract the settlers, Maroons, Europeans, &c. Let us look for a moment at the remainder. We find among them some of the brightest specimens of Christian character. They would be an ornament to the Church of Christ in any part of the world. Yea, they would be a living rebuke and reproof to the alarming stupidity and coldness which characterize the mass of professing Christians in civilized countries. We find many good citizens, and men capable of holding offices under Government. We find some who, by their industry and enterprise, have accumulated a respectable amount of property. Still we find some even of this remainder, who are far from being good citizens. There is one thing to be taken into consideration here, and that is, the labors of the Church, and Wesleyan Missionaries. Government has done much in educating the liberated children; yet most of the education, and most of the practical Christianity we find in the colony, is to be ascribed to the self-denying labors of these missionaries, who have been supported by their friends at home.

We will stop here: we have seen since we started, that while many were rescued from slavery by physical power, yet that very fact was the occasion of many more being thrown into it; that after all the prizes that had been taken, the profit of the traders was not materially altered, or, at least, that even now the profit is so enormously large, that the traders could well afford to carry on the trade, although they do meet with heavy losses from captures and other causes.

We also have seen, that one-third of those who have been captured are now heathen, and that most of the education, and most of the practical Christianity in the colony, is to be attributed to the labors of the missionaries; and from what you have seen, you are now better able to judge of the efficiency or inefficiency of physical power, as a remedy for this most dreadful malady.

2. The remedy is not to be found in *Political Power*.

First—I judge this to be the case, because those nations who would destroy that great malady at a stroke by political action, *cannot*, because it is not to them a political evil, and is not within their jurisdiction. And

Second—Because those nations to whom it is a political evil, *will not*, because their moral sentiment is so dreadfully low. It may be said, "Correct this low moral sentiment, and political power will accomplish it." Very true; but it would require some other power beyond either physical or political to do that. So that it remains as true as before, that political power is an inefficient remedy.

3. But the remedy will be found in *Moral Power*.

First—I judge this to be the case, because there is a perfect adaptation of the means to the end. If a person desires to accomplish a specific object in business, he must adapt the means to the end desired. One man is successful in business because he does this, and another fails because he does it not. There is no law in nature more true than this: "Means must be adapted to the end." It is but another name, as it were, for the law of "cause and effect." It is just as absurd to suppose that a man's mind can be changed by the sword, as it is to suppose that a ship can be built by making an eloquent speech, or by preaching a powerful sermon to the congregated timbers.

Second—Because it has always proved efficient in similar cases. Look at the Sandwich Islands, where a few years ago every man but the King and his family were slaves: not a slave is now to be found. Look at the other South Sea Islands, where cannibalism and infanticide were the order of the day. Look the world over, and you will find that wherever it has been faithfully applied to any moral evil whatever, it has always proved successful.

Third—Because the Promises of God are to that effect, and were there no other reason than this, it would be sufficient. The promises of God in Christ Jesus are "Yea and Amen." There is a concentration of moral power in the Cross of Calvary, which he has promised shall subdue all things to himself, so that at the name of him that hung upon it, "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess him Lord to the glory of God the Father." The "little stone cut out of the mountain without hands," it is promised, "shall fill the whole earth." I might easily enlarge on this point, but I hasten to bring this already too protracted communication to a close. I shall give you Lastly: The encouraging facts which have come under my own observation since I have been here.

1st. I have found almost universally a willingness among the native traders to converse upon the subject. I have made it a rule to converse with every one who came in my way, and they have done it with a freeness and frankness which has surprised me.

2d. They all without exception readily acknowledge that it is wrong. I could give you many instances of this kind, but two or three must suffice. The King has repeatedly told me that "his heart troubled him about it." A few days ago, when at Kaw-mendi on some business, the King told me that he was coming to my house to get some rope of me to make a sail for his canoe. I told him I was always ready to do him a favor, but could not in any way assist him in the Slave-Trade. I refused to let him have it. He afterwards obtained rope from another quarter, and sent it, with some canvass, to my coxswain, that he might make the sail. I refused to let him do it, for the same reason. The next morning the King came to my house, and I asked him if he was vexed with the word I had sent the day before. "Oh, no," said he, "for what you said is the truth."

A few days ago, another man engaged in the trade, called on me. In conversing with him on the subject, he said repeatedly that the (native) traders were afraid of me. I asked him how it was that they were afraid of *me*. I said, I was only one man, and they never saw me with a sword or knife, or anything else in my hand. "But," said he, "they are afraid of you because they know they are wrong."

3d. There is a universal impression that this mission is going to destroy the Slave-Trade in Sherbro. When the King was at Ba-hall, he was repeatedly told that he had sold his country for nothing, and that now the white men (Spaniards) could not come here to trade.

When conversing with the trader above alluded to, I told him what I intended to do for the children that should be committed to my charge,—that I not only intended to teach them to read and write, but I hoped to be able to teach the boys trades, and the girls to sew, and spin, and weave. Said he, "You do that, and you will stop the Slave-Trade."

I might also add, as an encouraging fact, that the children here, as they are everywhere else, are on the side of humanity. On one occasion, when a slave was brought into Kaw-mendi, with handcuffs on his wrists, and a log of wood on his ankle, so heavy that it took two boys—one at each end to lift the log as he stepped, the two boys were heard talking together about it, when one said to the other, "If I was a man I would not sell slaves."

I might multiply incidents of this kind, but I will weary your patience no longer. Hoping the above will contain satisfactory information,

I subscribe myself as ever, yours, most truly,

W. RAYMOND.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1845.

Take Notice.—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

He who is not present at this anniversary, loses the most interesting spectacle the land affords; the deepest study; the noblest opportunity for action.

The most frivolous cannot afford to lose the amusement; the most philosophical may rejoice at the opportunity for observation; the most selfish even, should have the sense to see that the affairs of the Anti-Slavery Society come home to their own business and bosoms.

It is to be wished that all men would remember, with Lord Bacon, that in momentous concerns like these "only God and Angels should be spectators." Yet how few comprehend this deep but plain truth! How few who live in revolutionary times have the gift to know it! Let those to whom is given that knowledge, thank God for it, as for the light of the sun; and if they feel the heart to put their strength to the wheel, and to urge into rapid progress, the movement by which room is being made for the uprising of oppressed millions, then let them thank God for *that* as for the warmth of the sun. They lose their best life who are content to dwell solely and exclusively in personal and individual interests. They are not filling up the great capacities of their being. They are unjust to their own souls—untrue to religion, morality, and society.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, whose thirteenth annual meeting has occasioned these reflections, is the earliest formed of all the Anti-Slavery Associations. This is the Band that Garrison gathered round him, when his genial soul stood at the foot of this mount of sacrifice, and resolved to utter the words that should for a time—perchance for life—cut off the hope of being personally understood or appreciated, and which should subject him to ignominy, calumny, and enmity. "I will be harsh as Truth, and stern as Justice!" were his words, when he saw the land given over to wrong,—every sixth person in it a slave;—and *every* freeman dumb for shame and selfish terror. It is no eulogy,—it is only a philosophical inference, that those who felt constrained to join themselves to that devoted spirit, for the sake of Freedom for their land, must have been the best of the truest souls that sinful prosperity had left uncorrupted. And so this cause still goes through the earth, gathering the least unworthy to its service from all "kindreds, and nations, and tongues, and people,"—till at this last anniversary, it became evident what a work of regeneration it has wrought in the old Commonwealth.

The Marlboro' Chapel was thronged day after day, and night after night, through storm or sunshine, with the advocates of the cause. Look at their faces as they sit, circle behind circle, to listen to the official statement of the deeds, and the history of the year, which they are accustomed to require at the hands of their official servants. *They* have not met to be amused, or to take their places "with God and Angels," as lookers-on. They feel that God and Angels are *with them* to "will and to do." They are sitting, not exactly as listeners to the Annual report of a society, but as soldiers to the history of the past campaign, out of which must grow the plan for the coming one. They gather as leaders to a council board; for each one of these firm-set faces is the representative of the Anti-Slavery feeling of a Massachusetts town; and the healthful glow of moral battle and of moral victory, shines in their every look. Years of associated warfare with the crime and stupor of their day, have made them known to each other as no other association can: and without a word exchanged, they know from this report that their servants in the cause of *humanity* are still worthy to be their servants of *this*.

The statesmen who wish to know what Massachusetts and the nation will do hereafter, should not fail to watch the debates of this gathering. *This* is public opinion in its first spring. *Here* throbs the living heart of the pioneer State; and the wayfarer, though a politician fain to "circumvent God," can hardly mistake its beatings. This is no fanaticism or monomania. "O, you men of one idea!"—*begins* the covert supporter of slavery;—but he always *ends* with—"why don't you stick to your abolition?" Both reproaches fall powerless upon the abolitionists, for they are not deserved.

To the first the abolitionists reply with Orlando—"We *think* of as many things as another, only we give thanks and *make no boast*." To the last they say with D'Israeli—"Were it only for the sake of my one object, I cannot afford to be a man of one idea."

The topics discussed at this meeting were, 1st, the duty of the Northern States, in view of the annexation of Texas. 2d, the remedy for the national paralysis which Slavery has caused. 3d, The duty of Massachusetts in the case of the expulsion of her runaway Mr. Hoar from the South. 4th, the struggle of common humanity, with the provision of the Constitution, providing for the return of fugitive slaves. 5th, the "Liberty party." This came up under no resolution, it having been the intention of the Business Committee to avoid the usual, and, as it *must now* appear *to all, necessary* and *unavoidable* condemnation of the party—

"Mildewed ear,
Blasting its wholesome brother."

All such attempts, however well meant, are in vain, while the animus of the "Liberty party" remains what it is—hostile to Anti-Slavery. Wo is evermore to them who neither see nor feel their obstacles. Many such morally blind and benumbed ones, were *made* to feel and see the pro-slavery nature of the "Liberty party" at this meeting. How good is it to stand upon a platform where everything that *claims* to be anti-slavery shall be heard! "Let even the self-seeking hypocrite seem to come."

A successful effort was made for funds, and a warm expression made of the sense entertained by the Society of the faithful and brotherly co-operation of the British Abolitionists. The unworthy portion of the clergy was strenuously condemned, in able speeches from Mr. Foster, and Mr. Clapp, which were earnestly responded to by the audience.

It was recommended by the Society that concert of action be had in Anti-Slavery operations, no matter how few the numbers to co-operate, and that town societies be formed wherever there are Abolitionists. Not only from general principles, but from its own cheering experience, the Society was convinced of the necessity and benefit of associated action.

The Massachusetts Society, having year before last, pioneered the way for the American Society to the impregnable ground of disunion from slaveholders, took this occasion to step into line as the supporter of the central division in that high position.

The last evening, at the Representatives' Hall, in the State House, was a grand occasion. The mere sight of a man who has stood for years like Garrison, "steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;"—like Phillips, who has counted nothing dearer to him in life than the CAUSE;—like Douglas, to whom the cause has been an awakening to life, and an unchaining of talent of the highest order;—like Redmond, whose gentlemanly bearing, disproves at a glance, the slanders against his race as one incapable of rising;—the mere sight of such men as these, independently of their matchless eloquence, is enough to move an assembly to enthusiasm, and there is an honest satisfaction in recording that the great gathering at the State House seemed carried away by that emotion of admiration for high character which it is the beginning of better things to yield to. Would that all there present might go on to live in the spirit of that heart-ennobling hour!

For the official record of the meeting, see a preceding column. We shall extract largely hereafter from the valuable report of the Board of Managers, which was presented by Mr. Quincy, the Secretary. It is for sale at the office of the American Society, 142 Nassau street, and at all the Anti-Slavery offices throughout the States; and will commend itself to all lovers of the cause for the wisdom, the calmness, the energy, and zeal which make it characteristic of the body from which it emanates.—c.

James G. Birney.

In to-day's paper will be found so much of the voluminous documents in relation to the Saginaw nomination as is necessary to an understanding of the real facts in the case. They should have been republished before, but after waiting several weeks for the entire publication, which fill many columns of the Liberty party papers, they were accidentally mislaid. That complete justice may be done for Mr. Birney, the requisite portion is now given.

It has not been the wish of my coadjutors or myself to involve the Standard in any of the partisan quarrels of either of the political parties. Our duty is a nobler and more grateful one, than dabbling in these dirty and troubled waters. But we are not therefore unobservant of their course, nor bound to silence when we mark any action in which, as Abolitionists, we take an interest. Indeed, we are bound to speak if that action shall have any important bearing upon our cause. Unluckily we have to record but few of the virtues of either the Whigs or Democrats; and those acts of theirs which profess to be virtuous, are such clumsy imitations of truthfulness and honesty, that few are deceived by them. But the party which claims to be Anti-Slavery, needs more careful watching from its greater power to do mischief. Though we may differ from it in regard to essential principles, we will give it credit for honesty of purpose at least, so long as it is constant to its own standard of right. When it departs from this, it is the more necessary to expose its true character, than if it were avowedly pro-slavery, for a pretended friend is more to

An Acknowledgment.

The *Anthracite Gazette*, published at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, has the following paragraph:

SHAME.—A late Anti-Slavery paper, whilst describing the taking of a slave-trading schooner, attaches to the statement this unnecessary slur: "Her captor was a *British* vessel, of course!" Now it is this proneness to depreciate our people and our Government—this unhealthy and impolitic Anti-American tone that has always rendered the efforts of Abolitionists obnoxious to that portion of the community among whom otherwise they might possibly find friends. Apart from the injustice which in this manner is daily wrought upon a great mass of our people, it seems to us that political expediency would require from these Northern agitators an entirely different kind of action. When will they temper their philanthropy with wisdom?

The Anti-Slavery paper referred to is the Standard. The Gazette perhaps was afraid of hurting my feelings by exposing me. It need'nt have been. I could have borne it. The Standard is always very ready to receive the rebukes of its friends openly. It confesses to this particular peccadillo of a "proneness to depreciate our people and Government," especially in cases where their hypocrisy and villiany go hand in hand. I trust we may never make friends of any portion of the community by the opposite course. Our object is not to make friends, but to tell the truth. This good Gazette is probably afraid of harsh language. Don't you know, most sapient stonecoal, that the people of this slaveholding and slave-trading Republic, have declared the Slave-Trade beyond its borders, piracy? And did you never happen to think that this piece of precious hypocrisy is perfectly consistent with the national character, which makes of this apparently righteous and philanthropic act, nothing more nor less than a tariff to protect the home trade? The British cruisers capture slavers every month, while there has never been but one taken by an American, and her crew were all pardoned—the law of "honor among thieves" demanding that. Do you not know, friend, that our Ministers to France and England, have done all they can to protect the Foreign Slave-Trade, and that it is carried on at this moment, with the most unprecedented success, under the American flag? Are you aware that a large amount of capital in this city, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, is invested in this piracy? I can point you to the sign of a highly respectable, and one of the wealthiest houses in this city, within half a mile of this office, which is said to have realized an immense fortune in this trade. Can you tell me why this Government keeps a squadron on the coast of Africa, and why a majority of the House of Representatives refused to pass Mr. Adams's resolution, asking for a copy of the instructions given to the commanders in that squadron? "A proneness to depreciate our people and Government," friend! You may as well talk of a proneness to depreciate Pandemonium and its imps.

Thomas Morris.

Dr. Brisbane has made the following explanation as to Mr. Morris's views, in relation to granting the right of suffrage to colored people. If he made the distinction to "meet the objection, that if we give freedom to the slave, he must also have the right to vote," it would seem that he meant to be understood that he had sought the former only, and not the latter. The Liberty party people must acknowledge that they voted twice for a candidate for the vice-presidency, who denied one of the first principles of Anti Slavery. They had better do it without any words, and promise to do better next time—if they don't forget. The Doctor says:

"I see in some of the Eastern papers the statement, that Mr. Morris was opposed to extending the right of suffrage to the colored population. Having at different times conversed with Mr. Morris on this subject, I may be permitted to say that his views were misapprehended. He was not *opposed* to the colored people having that right extended to them, but he did not regard it man's *natural* right. He did not confine the idea to the colored people. He considered it a mere social arrangement suited to the form of government which a State or nation might adopt. He made a distinction between *natural* and *civil* rights. *And he often said, that if we would allow the colored man his natural rights, he would be satisfied.* This was to meet the objection often made here, that if we give freedom to the slave, he must also have the right to vote. By making the distinction of natural and civil rights, he silenced the objection. But this I know, that he took special pleasure in the decision of the Ohio Court, by which some of the colored population were permitted to vote."

Religious Instruction of Slaves.

At a late meeting of the Synod of Kentucky, the proposal of the Presbytery of Georgia, for a general system of missions to the slaves was approved, and other measures taken for the same purpose. The experiment is a dangerous one, unless the Kentuckians are looking to speedy Emancipation. It is, however, a happy sign that the slaveholders feel that the eyes of the world are upon them. The following resolutions were adopted:

1st. That we heartily approve of the efforts which are now made to awaken an interest in the Church on this subject, and recommend it to the Board of Domestic Missions, to take the work of evangelizing the negroes in hand, and establish some permanent plan for carrying it into execution.

2d. That we pledge ourselves to co-operate with the board, in carrying out any judicious plan which they may adopt, for extending the gospel to this long-neglected class of our population.

3d. That we recommend it to all our ministers to hold special stated meetings for the benefit of the negroes, and endeavor to enlighten their minds upon the great fundamental doctrines and duties of the gospel, and for this purpose, as far as practicable, to form them into Bible and catechetical classes.

4th. That we recommend it to all masters to use efforts for the moral and religious improvement of their servants, especially by teaching them the truths of the means of grace.

5th. That we enjoin upon the Presbyteries under our care, at each regular meeting, to inquire of their ministers and churches what has been done upon the subject, and thus endeavor to awaken an increased interest in the religious instrdction of the negroes.

In North Carolina they have done more even than this. The Board of Missions in the Presbyterian Church have appointed a missionary to labor exclusively among the colored population in Halifax County.

"The Peculiar Institution."

A remarkably high degree of civilization exists in Kentucky, if the following, taken from the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Gazette, be true. It probably, however, is not exaggerated, and is a true picture, excepting the "slave-stealing," of the state of society in a large portion of the Southern States. That "all kinds of rascality" exists wherever there are slaveholders, we know, though it may not exactly be the kind referred to by the editor of this Hopkinsville paper:

Yesterday several persons from Bedford County, Tennessee, passed through our place, having in custody a white man and negro. They were caught in Mount Vernon, Illinois. The white man had stolen the negro, and had got thus far on his way. The negro belonged in Tennessee, and the company were taking the white rascal back to give him his deserts. We have every reason to believe that there is a band of abolitionists or negro-stealers in this (Christian County, Ky.) and we caution all to be on their guard. Several negroes have been decoyed off or tampered with, and we again caution our citizens to be on their guard. Horse-thieves, housebreakers, counterfeiters, negro-stealers, and *all kinds of rascality*, generally abound to an alarming extent in our community.

A Novel Case.

A man has recently been arrested in Baltimore, who is convicted of having married three wives. But the slaveholders are puzzled to know what to do with him. It has been discovered and proved that he is the son of a colored woman at Annapolis, who is a slave, and that he is therefore a slave himself. By the law of Maryland, his marriage with these three white womenis null and void. Of course no punishment can legally overtake him. If the jury decide thus, a case will be found, for the first time, where a slave may commit a crime with impunity, for which a white man is punished severely. Heretofore, in the several free States where this law, prohibiting the intermarriage of blacks and whites exists, it has been a license for the villainy of white men only, and colored women have been the victims. Now that it is found out that a colored man may also be a scoundrel according to the act, no doubt it will be discovered also that the law is a very iniquitous law. It should be amended so that white men may be villains still, under it, and blacks receive double punishment, and especially in such cases where their color cannot be told, except by an appeal to the Registry of Births.

Maine Representatives.

Let Abolitionists in Maine, who still believe it right to vote, beware of the men whose names are annexed to the following letter. They deserve little credit for their votes against the Joint Resolution, who only did so, because a little too much was given to Slavery. The only trouble with such men is, that the villainy is a little too bare-faced. Compromise the matter only so much as to leave them the seeming of honesty, and they will obey their overseers without hesitation.

To the Democratic Republicans of Maine:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, Jan. 27, 1845.

On the 25th instant, a join resolution consenting to the Annexation of the republic of Texas to our Union passed the House of Representatives. Against that resolution we deemed it our imperative duty to vote. We offer you very briefly the principal reasons which controlled our vote.

We were all anxious and desirous to have Texas re-annexed to the Union. The terms and conditions were what we could not assent to. We believed, upon "just and honorable terms," that the territory should be divided into equal, or nearly equal, portions of free and slave territory—or at least, that that question should remain open, to be settled hereafter; while, in fact, the terms were such as, in our opinion, to secure the institution of Slavery in nearly all the territory. With a fair division of the territory, or with the question of Slavery as an open question, to be settled and determined by Congress, we should have cheerfully given our votes for said resolution. Such terms are fully believed to be just, fair, and honorable, and what the other free States had a right to expect; but, without which, we felt compelled, though with reluctance, to vote against the measure.

ROBERT P. DUNLAP,
HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
JOSHUA HERRICK,
BENJAMIN WHITE.

Annexation.

Mr. Archer, the Chairman of the Committee to which was referred the Joint Resolution for Annexation, has reported against the measure. The gist of the report is, that Texas can be only constitutionally annexed through the treaty-making power. It is hoped that this puts the question at rest for this session. Mr. Benton offered the following bill, which was laid on the table, to be called up at some future time:

A BILL to provide for the annexation of Texas to the United States.

Be it enacted, &c. That a State, to be formed out of the present Republic of Texas, with suitable extent and boundaries, and with two Representatives in Congress until the next apportionment of representation, shall be admitted into the Union, by virtue of this act, on an equal footing with the existing States, as soon as the terms and condition of such admission, and the cession of the remaining Texan territory to the United States, shall be a greed upon by the Governments of Texas and the United States.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, to defray the expenses of missions and negotiations to agree upon the terms of said admission and cession, either by treaty to be submitted to the Senate or by articles to be submitted to the two Houses of Congress, as the President may direct.

Outrageous.

A correspondent of a Springfield (Mass.) paper, writing from Boston, in speaking of the Anti-Texas Convention, says:

"The galleries were taken possession of by the Garrison men and women, and anything that suited them was loudly applauded. Wendell Phillips, seated amid a bevy of ladies, lead off in the cheers. The hot-heads, however, after letting off their surplus steam, behaved very well."

It was very wrong in Phillips to do so, and particularly to teach the ladies such unfeminine manners. If all reports be true, however, it was not the Abolitionists in the galleries alone, who were looked upon with jealous eyes. Some of the same respectable broadcloth that mobbed our friends in '35, were most heartily frightened at the spirit which Garrison raised in the Convention. There is nothing these gentry fear so much as wholesome truth, and manly conduct.

The Chivalry.

The correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser gives a graphic sketch of a scene in the House of Representatives, at Washington, a few days since. He says:

The subject under deliberation was the Indian Appropriation Bill. Many speeches, some human, some tolerably decent, and some absolutely scurrillous, had been made, when Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, rose and delivered an abolition harangue not at all to my taste, but, which on the score of decorum, need have given nobody offence.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, (a man whose manner and appearance are beyond my powers of description) interrupted him several times, and took or made occasion to abuse Mr. G. in his own peculiarly rich and *recherché* style. Mr. Giddings replied temperately, but in a tone of firm and decisive rebuke. He remarked that his constituents sent him there to represent and protect their opinions and interests, as involved in all public questions, and not to reply to or resent such "low and vulgar tirades of personal abuse as the member opposite had now for perhaps the twentieth time indulged in." Mr. G. concluded an hour's speech on the bill, by declaring that the effect of one of its provisions was to make his constituents and others pay for the maintenance of several hundred children, somewhere in the slave country not yet in existence.

Then arose in reply the champion of Georgia. "He went it," as they say at the Five Points on similar occasions, "strong." He declared that Mr. G. was not a person of the stamp that he could consider responsible, and apparently presuming upon the fact, he went on to apply to him terms of elegant reproach which he must have culled from the records of Newgate. Among other things he observed in substance that Mr. Giddings had been engaged in stealing negroes from this District; that he had claimed as his own a wagon in which they had been carried off; that he had franked home to his wife a calico frock; and finally that he ought to be in the penitentiary. He talked much of the punishment he would inflict upon Mr. G. if he were worth it, and it were in order, in the way of kicking, cuffing, caning, and knocking down.

Mr. Black was standing in the midst of a coterie of *honorables* of his own stamp, who were prompting and cramming him with their delectable morsels. You might hear across the House such suggestions as these from Yancey, Slidell, and others:—"Now, Black, give him the calico frock story"—"Give him the story of the nigger wagon," &c. &c.

The Committee rose, and an attempt was made to adjourn the House, but the House refused to adjourn. It was decided, however, that the debate should stop in half an hour, and the House went into Committee of the Whole again. The attack had been so gross that even the Locofocos recognized the propriety of allowing Mr. Giddings the floor for the remainder of the time. He gave Mr. Black what might be called a good dressing. He pronounced Mr. B.'s stories false in whole and in part. His character had been vindicated biennally for the last twelve years, and he was fresh from the last favorable decision of his constituents on his conduct and character But who was this *preux chevalier* who had attempted to asperse *his* character? A man who has just been repudiated by his own constituents—had been pronounced by them utterly unworthy of farther trust and confidence.

At about this interesting stage of the debate, Mr. Dawson, of Louisiana, (who, two years ago, threatened to cut the "damned throat" of Mr. Arnold on the floor of the House,) was seen to start from his seat in considerable of a passion, and was heard by many to say, "damn him, I'll shoot him." He was prevented, by Mr. Slidell and others of his friends, from carrying into effect his amiable purpose.

But in the meantime Mr. Black, the rejected of Georgia, was not idle. He seized his cane, which contains a long dirk, went round under the gallery behind the Speaker's chair, and entered upon the floor, very near where Mr. G. was speaking.

Said Mr. Giddings, "he speaks of chastisement and that sort of thing. Now, Sir, I attack no man. I am not a bully; but that I can and will defend myself, if occasion requires, shall be demonstrated when any of these threats shall be attempted to be carried into execution." Mr. G. is a very powerful man, and at these words flourished in a significant manner a very formidable "pair of fives," that would have carried envy to the heart of Deaf Burke. Hereupon the ire of the amiable Black effervesced; he bounded at least two feet from the floor, flourished his cane, and seemed to be coming down upon poor Mr. Giddings with the momentum of an avalanche. The object of his rage was quite cool in the mean time, and only remarked, when a dozen of Black's confederates rushed forward to prevent this catastrophe, "Mr. Chairman! My constituents do not send cowards here," and without paying any regard to the dancing, raving, and pacing member before him, went on with his speech.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The dignity of the House of Representatives compromised! The honor of the South impugned, cane flourished, and the half-scared-to-death knight of Georgia, only laughed at by the impudent and presumptuous Abolitionist! His friends gathered around him, while those of Mr. Black snaked him aside! And so much for one hour in the House of Representatives!

"Show us your Measures."

At a recent Liberty party Convention, held in New Hampshire, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That experience confirms the sentiment advanced nearly two years ago by the National Convention at Buffalo, "that the Liberty party has not been organized merely for the overthrow of Slavery, its first decided effort must indeed be directed against slaveholding, as the grossest form, and the most revolting manifestation of Despotism; but it will also carry out the principles of equal rights into all their practical consequences and applications, and support every just measure conducive to individual and social freedom.

As it is two years since the party said this, it is time that its members speak more plainly. What are you, Whigs or Democrats, Conservatives or Radicals, Fourrierites or no-property men? All that you say here are mere words of course. All parties say the same thing. Speak out. Are you for Bank or Sub-Treasury? Tariff or Free Trade? Extension or curtailment of the right of suffrage—particularly of the colored people? Repudiation or Payment of State Debts? It is no business of ours, to-be-sure, but we have some curiosity to know what you are.

Massachusetts.

In the Massachusetts Legislature, Mr. Adams, from the Special Committee on the Governor's Message, in relation to Mr. Hoar's mission, to South Carolina, made a report, with resolves, which was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. The report is in the shape of a protest against the hostile acts of South Carolina.

The Governor has transmitted a message to the House on Mr. Hubbard's mission to Louisiana. All these documents, and Mr. Hubbard's statement, will be published next week.

Ellis Gray Loring.

The Boston Morning Post, having complimented Mr. Loring for declining to be an officer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for the ensuing year, the following frank acknowledgement appeared the next morning in that paper. It is a deserved tribute to Mr. Garrison, and worthy of him, who makes it:

To the Editor of the Boston Post.—My resignation as an officer of the Anti-Slavery Society has given occasion to a remark in Friday's Post, on which (reluctantly) I must make a single comment.

Not concurring in the "disunion" doctrines adopted by the society, I thought I should misrepresent it by remaining an officer; but it is painful for me to have it intimated that an honest difference on a single point of duty, could drive Mr. Garrison and me asunder. On other points we co-operate; and never, during the fourteen years in which I have been honored by his friendship, have I felt for him a deeper attachment and respect. I cannot accept even an implied compliment, at the expense of one, whose past services and present value to the cause of human freedom, I feel to be unequalled.

ELLIS GRAY LORING.

"The Waif."

This little gem of a book, compiled by Longfellow, contains the beautiful lines "To the Unsatisfied," by H. W. of Portland, which were published in the Standard some months ago. Only a portion of them, however, are given in the "Waif," and the name of the author is not attached to them. They are copied into the Salem Register, and Springfield Gazette; and ascribed to Mr. Longfellow himself. The same mistake has occurred in at least one other of the pieces from this book. It is the only fault of the book that the table of contents was not more carefully compiled, or the names of the authors prefixed to their productions; and where they were really not known, the fact distinctly stated in the preface. It is not, of course, possible that Mr. Longfellow premeditated such literary piracy through the blunders of careless editors, but the blunders are therefore none the less to be regretted. I know that the gifted author of the lines referred to, cares nothing for fame, and, indeed, has never written except for her own and the gratification of her friends. But the latter may be pardoned for indulging the very natural regret, that when her productions have received a wider circulation, and a less perishable fame than the columns of a newspaper can give them, that the credit should not be hers, and that they should be published without mutilation.

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.—Mr. Henry A. Foster, late United States Senator *pro tem.* from this State, has written a letter to the Richmond Enquirer, in which he ascribes his non-election to the Senate for the next six years, to Gov. Wright. Capt. Isaiah Rynders, of the Empire Club, has also failed in his efforts to be promoted from the roulette-table to a place in the customs. Both these distinguished aspirants for public favor, assume the crown of martyrdom for their zeal in the holy cause of Annexation. Perhaps Mr. Polk will treat them better. The captain of the Empire Club is certainly entitled to some of the droppings from the public crib for the energetic services of his band of rowdies. What are the claims of Mr. Foster, I know not.

FREE BLACKS AND MULATTOES.—By the act of '31 in Maryland, this class of persons were permitted to leave the State for an unlimited period, and return again, after filing with the Clerk of the county where they reside, a bill, stating the reasons of their departure, and their intention of returning. A new law has just been enacted, by which they are not permitted, under any circumstances, to return after an absence of thirty days. See the excellent article on this and other laws, from the Saturday Visiter, on the second page.

LIBERTY PARTY NOMINATION.—A Convention recently held in Maine, nominated the Hon. Samuel Fessenden, of Portland, as the next candidate of the party for the Vice Presidency,—the nomination subject to the action of a National Convention. This is too fast. The Western people will have something to say on this point, if Judge Jay, as he probably will be, should be the Presidential candidate. It won't do to have all the "blushing honors" of nomination monopolized this side the mountains.

CANDID.—The Charleston, (S. C.) Mercury says:

The very reason so intemperately urged by the North against Annexation, that it will *"increase the political weight of the Southern States, and perpetuate and extend the cause of Slavery,"* ARE OUR BEST REASONS FOR IT.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Anti-Slavery Reporter says that another Anti-Slavery Society has been formed at the Sandwich Islands. It is called the Hamakua and Kula Anti-Slavery Society, and is auxiliary to the American and Foreign Society. Its parentage is very doubtful. Daniel Ji, Okiha, and Gideon Onohikaka, are President and Vice-presidents.

MELANCHOLY LOSS OF PROPERTY.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent City, at Montgomery, Alabama, in giving an account of a recent flood, says, that "one of Col. Hayne's negroes, and a fine horse, were drowned at the wharf here yesterday evening." Poor Col. Hayne

THE CHIMES.—This pleasant Christmas story by Dickens, is commenced in to-day's paper. It is not so good as the Christmas Carrol, but may be read with profit and pleasure. I publish it because many of our readers in the country may not have access to it in any other form. As it is several weeks since it was first issued, its publication here, cannot interfere with its sale in any other shape.

☞ An Alabama paper states that a man named Bryant Kirneying, was recently killed near Maringo, by a fugitive slave, whom he was endeavoring to capture.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—A bill has passed the Senate which reduces the postage on letters to *five cents* for any distance. It is hoped that it may pass the House, for, though not by any means all that could be wished for, it is better than nothing. We have no room for particulars of the bill this week.

CORRECTION.—The stanzas in last week's paper, by Sir Phillip Sydney, were accidently inserted as "For the Standard." It may be that they were written by Sir Phillip in some prophetic vision, but as I have no certain knowledge of the fact, I make the correction, begging pardon of his bones.

CASSIUS M. CLAY has written a long and earnest letter to the people of Kentucky. It will be given to our readers as soon as we can find room for it.

D. S. DICKINSON is returned to the United States Senate from this State, for the six years next ensuing.

GEN. CASS is elected to the United States Senate from Michigan. He supersedes a Whig, and will go for Annexation.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, February 8, 1845.

The interesting subject of postage is not yet through the Senate.

The House, on Monday, passed the bill for settling a Territorial Government for Oregon, having adopted, by 121 to 69, the amendment of Mr. Winthrop, excluding Slavery from the Territory. C. J. Ingersoll voted against this amendment, the rest were Southern men. This bill smells of gunpowder, and it is well it has to pass the Senate.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, Mr. Archer, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, made a report adverse to the bill from the House for the Annexation of Texas to the United States. The report occupies a page and a half of the National Intelligencer, and is very able. The Committee is composed of four Southern Whigs and one Northern Democrat. The latter dissents. The Committee on Finance made a report against the bill from the House called the "Sub Treasury bill."

On Thursday morning the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, on the annual Indian Appropriation Bill. Mr. Black, of Georgia, in addressing the Committee, made some severe allusions to the course of Mr. Giddings, and on Mr. G.'srequest, yielded the floor for an explanation. On his taking the floor, Mr. G. did not answer the question Mr. B. wished him to explain, but was going on in some remarks on the bill, protesting against the propriety of paying the Indians out of the Government funds, for apprehending runaway slaves. Mr. B. demanded the floor, as he had yielded it for no such purpose. The Chairman, Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, after much confusion, gave the floor to Mr. Giddings, but subsequently, the member from Georgia keeping up his clamor, and the tumult not subsiding, Mr. G. could not be heard, and gave up the floor to Mr. Black.

Mr. Black now let out on Mr. G. in a manner never before heard of in the halls of Congress. It was not equalled even by the attack of C. J. Ingersoll on J. Q. Adams, last winter. He said Mr. G. had no business here amongst gentlemen.—He was a disgrace to the House. He was a thief and a liar—a co-laborer with Torrey, and ought to be by his side in the Penitentiary. If he was to utter his sentiments, and those in his abolition petitions in my State, we would tie him up by the heels. He went on for some time with a string of such stuff as this, some of which will not do to publish in a newspaper, and, had there been ladies in the gallery, (yesterday was a very cold and windy day,) I hope would, even by him, not have been uttered. He was called to order, but said the castigation should be given; he would not be bound down by a few miserable rules.

When Mr. B. had concluded, Mr. Giddings desired the floor, but Mr. McCay was ahead of him.

Mr. Schenck appealed to the House, and amidst confusion screamed out, will any gentleman interpose to prevent his colleague (Mr. Giddings) from having the floor to reply to remarks personal to him?

Mr. Slidell.—I will for one.

Mr. McConnell.—I will for two.

Mr. Schenck.—I said gentlemen.

Mr. Giddings finally obtained the floor. He said, for his country, he was sorry; for himself, he cared not. When he had spoken to the question, he had spoken from convictions of rights; had only done what he thought members were free to do, to defend the rights and interests of their constituents, whom at least he thought had rights. He had raised his voice against taking the money of the freemen of the North, to pay for slaves stolen, and for the children they would have had, had they not been stolen. This, and similar practices, he would ever raise his voice against, while his voice could be heard in this hall, fearless of consequences. He feared no man, though the bowie-knife had snapped in his ear and glistened in his eye. Whilst his people required it, he would see to their interests here; and as to the charges, before high Heaven he denied them, they are an appropriate offspring of the hell from whence they came. As to my character, which has been largely dwelt on, for a certificate, I refer gentlemen to an honorable, high-minded, and *free* constituency. And who threatens? Who would stand up, that *he* could knock down?

At this time, Black, who had left his seat at the other side of the House, and taken a stand at the corner of a desk, about five feet from Mr. G. and rather behind him, deliberately raised a large cane, and aimed a blow at the person of Mr. G. His arm was caught by a member, and the stick missing its aim, passed near his head. Mr. Hammett, of Mississippi, clasped him around the body with both arms, and the whole House rushed to the scene. He made three several attempts to rush at Mr. G. but was restrained by the strong arms that held him. He then went to his seat, and I suppose, after a sufficient time, cooled down.

You cannot imagine the thrill of rapture that inspirits a freeman's breast whilst he hears in these halls a vindication, bold and fearless, of a freeman's rights. Mr. G. was wholly undaunted amidst all this danger, and after the tumult had subsided, resumed, and went on at some length. He stood the full stature of a man, his large breast swelling with manly indignation, whilst he exclaimed, kill me, but save, oh save my country! Would that all the representatives of this great people were thus fearless to present themselves to the assassin's steel, and the tyrant's club; that all were thus champions of that glorious liberty at which our fathers aimed; then might we really be a pyramid of strength, and a pattern for an admiring world; then might our experiment Government prove a glorious and successful one.

O. I. C. U.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

MEXICO.

The News from Mexico.—We are indebted to Mr. De Zaldo for the Diario de Vera Cruz, of January 11, 12, and 13, brought by his brig, whose arrival we announced Wednesday.

The Diario of the 12th contains divvers communications and despaches concerning the progress of the war, confirming generally the account we gave yesterday, that Santa Anna had made several attempts on the city of Puebla, in all of which he was repulsed with very considerable loss, as well by desertion as by death and wounds; and that eventually, finding his attacks upon that city harmless, he had made a push for Vera Cruz.

He was reported to have reached Perote, but it was believed that his intentions upon that place were more apparent than real, and that his object was to possess himself of Vera Cruz, if possible, by a *coup de main*. The most active preparations were made to defend the city, and, if the *Diario* is to be believed, but one spirit of determined hatred to Santa Anna animated the whole population.

We translate the following from the *Diario* of the 11th:

"If a letter from Tepic is to be believed, which was referred to yesterday in the Siglio, a North American frigate of 60 guns has threatened to bombard San Carlos de Monterey, in California."

The *Diario* of the 13th contains various documents, establishing the fact which we mentioned yesterday, that Santa Anna had resolved to give up his attempts against the existing Government. The first is a note from Santa Anna to General Inclan, commandant of Puebla, informing him that on the day before (the 9th of January) he had sent Don Antonio de Haro, General Mendoza, and General Cortazar to the city of Mexico, charged with solicitations for an adjustment of the pending question without farther effusion of blood; that, awaiting the result of this overture, he had ordered the troops under his command to suspend hostilities, abandon the positions they occupied, and concentrate at Amozoc; and requesting that General Inclan would make a corresponding disposition of his forces.

Next is General Inclan's reply, dated Puebla, January 10, lauding the course of Santa Anna, and promising to communicate immediately, by express, with the General Government.

Next is a dispatch from General Inclan to the commandant of Vera Cruz, advising him of Santa Anna's proposition.

Next a proclamation from the commandant of Vera Cruz to the people of that city, announcing the joyful news to them, suggesting the propriety of celebrating the happy event, but adding a strong hint as to the necessity of being on their guard against possible contingencies—to which end he directs the garrison to exercise unremitting vigilance.

The Diario exposes at length the necessities which compelled Santa Anna to the course he had adopted; defeated again and again with severe loss at Puebla, seeing all around him a most determined spirit of resistance and hostility, menaced by powerful bodies under Bravo and Parades, weakened by continual desertions, and seeing the proclamation of the General Government, which denounced the severest punishment against such of his adherents as might be taken, there was nothing left for him but submission or a desparate final effort, in which he could not but fail, and be destroyed.—*Com. Adv.*

Mexico vs. Texas Annexation.—A letter from Santa Anna to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, dated May 18, 1844, is translated and published in the Intelligencer, which goes to show that Mexico will not consent to Texas Annexation. Santa Anna says that a steamer which arrived on the 14th at Vera Cruz, brought a Commissioner from the United States, named Gilbert L. Thompson, who had sought and obtained a personal interview with Santa Anna. After the accustomed salutations, he opened his business, saying that the President of the United States had signed a treaty for annexing Texas; that it had been submitted to the Senate; and that, while under consideration there, it was judged "indispensably due to the most rigorous justice, to take no final resolution upon the subject without having first opened a treaty with Mexico." The American Government, he said, had been impelled to pursue that policy by British intrigues, and by its own commercial interests, which had suffered from the smuggling of goods through Texas. It was not the intention, he said, either of the President or the Senate, to decide upon the subject without first asking the consent of Mexico, and in case of obtaining it, without *indemnifying her* amply for the territory acquired. The first step to be taken, therefore, was to ask the consent of Mexico. He went on to urge the irresistible popularity of Annexation in the United States, and the great importance of settling the question with Mexico, and to propose that Mexico should cede to the United States a portion of her territory, for which she was to receive full compensation.

To "all this task" Santa Anna says he answered simply, that if smuggling was carried on through Texas, the United States had nobody to blame but themselves, since they had offered protection to the adventurers assembled in that quarter, even to the point of recognizing them as a nation; that the acting President of the United States had not acted very discreetly, in negotiating for Annexation with those in possession of Texas, who were in fact a portion of the American community, and had not the slightest authority to treat—that Mexico having resolved never to relinquish her unquestionable rights, the proposition on the part of the United States was deemed entirely inadmissible—that Mexico was determined to undertake afresh, and to prosecute with vigor, a campaign against Texas; that she would wage war to the last in maintenance of her rights, and that, as nations never die, the right of re-conquering Texas should be transmitted to their sons and grandsons. He assured the Commissioner, in conclusion, that Mexico would never consent to the Annexation of Texas to the Territory of the United States.—*Express.*

NOTICES.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS

Into the Treasury of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, from 23d January, 1844, to 20th January, 1845, inclusive.

By balance in Treasury, 23d Jan. 1844,	$289	25
" Proceeds of Ladies' A. S. Fair at Upton,	70	00
" Amount of collections made at Annual Meeting,	71	05
" Proceeds of Pic-Nic A. S. Fair, at Milford,	116	68
" Donation from West Brookfield A. S. Society,	25	00
" Rent received for part of Office, 25 Cornhill,	160	00
" Proceeds of Ladies' A. S. Fair, at Weymouth,	106	86
" Balance of Collections made for Western Conventions, received from Francis Jackson, Treasurer,	125	97
" Collections made at Plymouth County Meeting, at Hanson, on 4th of July,	14	00
" Amount of Collections made by Agents at the Hundred Conventions, together with Donations from individuals during the year, as published monthly in the Liberator,	1349	10
" Amount received from Mass. A. S. Fair,	2089	58
Total Amount of Receipts, including balance of old account,	$4417	49

DISBURSEMENTS.

For Sundry Bills of Expenses of Annual Meeting,	$77	62
" Bill Printing 12th Annual Report of the Board,	86	30
" Bill paper for do.	52	20
" Bill Printing Hand-bills for Hundred Conventions,	13	00
" Services of Lunsford Lane, in attending do.	32	50
" Use of Halls at sundry places,	26	75
" Services of Parker Pillsbury, in attending Conventions,	54	00
" Sydney H. Gay,	109	50
" C. L. Remond,	120	00
" J. M. Spear,	108	00
" S. S. Foster,	120	00
" E. D. Hudson,	123	00
" Frederic Douglas,	142	00
" G. W. Stacy,	36	00
" Cash paid Treasurer American A. S. Society, amount of F. Jackson's Pledge,	100	00
" Expenses of Agents in attending Annual Meeting in New-York, per order of Board,	30	60
" Bill Printing for Conventions,	1	50
" Expenses paid for Agents, per General Agent's Bill,	14	00
" Books purchased per order of the Board,	32	00
" Wm. M. Chace's Bill of Services, rendered in 1840 and 1841,	291	67
" Rent of Office, 25 Cornhill,	243	75
" Loan to New Hampshire A. S. Society, from proceeds of Fair, by order of the Board,	100	00
" Sundry Bills of expenses of Fair,	72	00
" Printing Goodell's "Secession," per order of the Board,	30	00
" E. W. Bouve's Bill Printing, in 1842, to Ellis G. Loring,	24	02
" Amount paid to Treasurer of American A. S. Society, per order of the Board, being balance of Proceeds of Fair,	1917	00
	3956	81
	$460	68
" Amount paid General Agent for Printing Anti-Slavery Examiner, and Goodell's "Secession," per order of the Board,	175	00
Balance remaining in Treasury, Jan. 20,	$285	68

S. PHILBRICK, Treasurer.

ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

The friends of the slave in Upton, Milford, Hopkinton, Uxbridge, and Northbridge, will unite in holding a Fair for the down-trodden of our race, in Union Hall, Upton, on WEDNESDAY, the 19th of February, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Some of the most able advocates in the cause will be present and participate in the meeting. A Lecture on the subject of Slavery will be given on Tuesday evening, the 18th of February, in the Congregational Meeting-house. Come one and all, let us have a noble gathering.

LECTURES BY DOUGLAS, REMOND, FOSTER, AND BURLEIGH, IN N. H.

Cornish, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 14, 15, and 16,

Claremont, Monday and Tuesday, February, 17 and 18.

PHILADELPHIA NOTICE.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall, on Thursday, the 13th instant, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

N. B. Punctual attendance is requested.

PHEBE EARLE, Sec.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT HOPKINTON.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Hopkinton, (Hayden Row,) Saturday and Sunday, February, 22d and 23d, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and in connection therewith, will be the Middlesex County Quarterly Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is hoped that the friends of humanity will attend without regard to sect or party.

W. A. White, Henry Clapp, Jr. and several other speakers from abroad, are expected to be present.

PETITIONS,—PETITIONS! RHODE ISLAND.

It has been thought best by the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society to issue the following forms of petition for signature.

The attention of friends throughout the State is called to this matter, especially as the time is short—and whatever we do, must be done quickly. Our Legislature meets in January, (the present month.) The Congress petitions must be forwarded before the 4th of March.

Forms can be had on application at the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Doranee street, Providence. Will the friends take the subject at once in hand, and see to it that this matter has an extensive circulation?

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, in view of the great and alarming danger of the Annexation of Texas to the United States, respectfully ask that you will,

1st. Declare that the admission of any Foreign Territory into the United States, against the will of any one of the original partners to the Federal Compact, is, in itself, a dissolution of the Union, and that the people of Rhode Island will be absolved thereby from all allegiance to the General Government.

2d. That you will request our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to withdraw from that body, and return to their constituents immediately, on the consummation of any project for the Annexation of Texas to this Union.

3d. That you will empower and request the Government of this State to call a Convention of the people, as soon as such Annexation may be accomplished, in order to consider their relations towards the rest of the Union, and the steps which it may consequently devolve on them to take.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, respectfully solicit the General Assembly—

1st. To authorize the Governor, by an agent, or otherwise, to inquire into the circumstances and condition of certain citizens of Rhode Island, who may have been, are, or shall be imprisoned and enslaved, in any slaveholding State of this Union, on account of color. Also to guarantee to any such citizen or citizens a proper defence both before the State Courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

2d. To pass a law defining and declaring the rights of the people of this State in the use of the means of conveyance furnished by the Railroad Corporations therein, in order that the officers of said Companies may no longer claim the right of insulting or assaulting any of their passengers on the sole ground of a difference of color.

3d. To repeal all laws of this State making any distinction among citizens on account of color.

To the Congress of the United States.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, protesting against the proposed annexation of Texas to this Union, in the name of Justice, Freedom, and the Constitution, respectfully ask that in case such an event take place, you will, by calling a National Convention for the purpose, take immediate measures for a peaceable dissolution of the Union.

THE BRANDED HAND.

The late frequent aggressions of the South on Northern Liberty, demands loudly from the friends of freedom in the North, a united and powerful expression of their entire sympathy with the Anti-Slavery prisoners; their unqualified approval of their course; and their de

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO MY HEART.

Life's last hour now is with its first,
Save in remembrance of its pain;
Let sad-eyed Memory do her worst,
She cannot bring it here again.

Let go the shadows of the Past!
The Present only is thine own;
Improve it—for it may not last—
Enjoy it—for 'tis quickly flown.

If sickness paralyze the mind,
Thy mission then is to endure;
Something, my heart, thou still mayst find,
To keep thine aspirations pure.

Above the clouds is thy true place—
Above the mist-wreaths which make dim:
The Sun ne'er rests from his high race—
Atoms may blind the eye to him.

Thy future may be shadowy, black,
Amid the clouds which gloom around,
Yet know thy Sun is on his track,
And in his place may aye be found.

Then upward ever be thy aim—
High as pure Truth be thy high goal:
Naught else is worthy of a name—
Naught else can satisfy the soul.

CYLLENE.

From the Waif.

"THE GRASSHOPPER"—By Richard Lovelace.

"TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON."

O thou, that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou'rt reared!

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then—
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropped;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp, frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor, verdant fool! and now, green ice! thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bids us lay in 'gainst winter rains, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And, spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames: the north-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly,
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come creeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting clay.

Thus, richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all that seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

From the German of Ochlenschleger.

TO COLUMBUS DYING.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
Far away a land unknown.

Land, that each alone must visit,
But no tidings bring to men,
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread, then, spread thy canvass out;
Spirit! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float!

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden brakers there,
And the fanning wing of angels,
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores—they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Seest thou now thy San Salvador?
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughs doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed,
And the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or field he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

Miscellany.

THE CHIMES!

A Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out, and a New Year In.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

THE FIRST QUARTER.

There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people; little and big, young and old: yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean at sermon-time, in warm weather, (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice,) but in the night and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold Day. But it applies to Night. It must be argued by night. And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has gone in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be; it wails and howls to issue forth again: and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls: seeming to read, in whispers, the Inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound, too, lingering within the altar: where it seems to chaunt, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder done, and false Gods worshipped; in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at midnight singing in a church!

But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never lose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up, sailor-like, in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground, and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town, and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops; so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man; and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells, (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being godfather to a bell than a boy;) and had had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent upon the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor'wester—aye, "all to fits," as Toby Veck said; for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else either (except Tobias) without a special act of parliament; he having been as lawfully christened in his day as the Bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity as public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he *did* stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, "Why, here he is!" Incontinently his little white apron would be caught over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself, all aslant and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and bouzled, and worried, and hustled, and hited off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails, or other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-potters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so rough, was, after all, a sort of holyday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; for the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost, too, and a fall of snow, was an event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect, though, Toby! So wind, and frost, and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst: the cold, damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat; the only kind of great-coat that Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choking with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed, spinning round and round, like so many teetotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled and water-spouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time; those were the days that tried him. Then, indeed, you might see Toby looking out anxiously from his shelter in an angle of the church-wall—such a meagre shelter, that in summertime it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking-stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But, coming out, a minute afterward, to warm himself by exercise, and trotting up and down some dozen times, he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty, from his pace, which meant speed, if he didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps: most likely, but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and could not well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteen penny message or small parcel in his hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent, and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

He had made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place, and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more curious about these bells, because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him. They hung there, in all weathers; with the wind and rain driving upon them; facing only the outsides of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney-tops; and incapable of participation in any of the good things that were constantly being handed, through the street door and the area railings, to prodigious cooks. Faces came and went at the windows; sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces; sometimes the reverse; but Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where they went, or whether, when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him all the year, than did the Chimes themselves.

Toby was not a casuist—that he knew of, at least—and I don't mean to say that when he began to take to the Bells, and to knit up his first rough acquaintance with them into something of a closer and more delicate woof he passed through these considerations one by one, or held any formal review or great field-day in his thoughts. But what I mean to say and do, is, that as the functions of Toby's body, his digestive organs for example, did of their own cunning, and by a great many operations of which he was altogether ignorant, and the knowledge of which would have astonished him very much, arrived at a certain end; so his mental faculties, without his privity or concurrence, set all these wheels and springs in motion, with a thousand others, when they worked to bring about his liking for the Bells.

And though I said his love, I would not have recalled the word, though it would scarcely have expressed his complicated feeling. For, being but a simple man, he invested them with a strange and solemn character. They were so mysterious, often heard and never seen; so high up, so far off, so full of such a deep strong melody, that he regarded them with a species of awe; and sometimes when he looked up at the dark arched windows in the tower, he half expected to be beckoned to by something which was not a Bell, and yet was what he heard so often sounding in the Chimes. For all this, Toby scouted with indignation a certain flying rumor that the Chimes were haunted, as implying the possibility or their being connected with any evil thing. In short, they were often in his ears, and very often in his thoughts, but always in his good opinion; and he very often got such a crick in his neck by staring with his mouth wide open, at the steeple where they hung, that he was fain to make an extra trot or two, afterwards, to cure it.

The very thing he was in the act of doing one cold day, when the last drowsy sound of Twelve o'clock, just struck, was humming like a melodious monster of a bee, and not by any means a busy bee, all through the steeple.

"Dinner-time, eh!" said Toby, trotting up and down before the church. "Ah!"

Toby's nose was very red, and his eyelids were very red, and he winked very much, and his shoulders were very near his ears, and his legs were very stiff; and altogether he was evidently a long way upon the frosty side of cool.

"Dinner-time, eh!" repeated Toby, using his right hand muffler like an infantine boxing-glove, and pushing his chest for being cold. "Ah-h-h-h!"

He took a silent trot, after that, for a minute or two.

"There's nothing," said Toby, breaking forth afresh—but here he stopped short in his trot, and with a face of great interest and alarm, felt his nose carefully all the way up. It was but a little way: not being much of a nose: and he had soon finished.

"I thought it was gone," said Toby, trotting off again. "It's all right, however. I am sure I couldn't blame it if it was to go. It has a precious hard service of it in the bitter weather, and precious little to look forward to; for I don't take snuff myself. It's a good deal tried, poor creetur, at the best of times; for when it *does* get hold of a pleasant whiff or so, (which an't too often,) it's generally from somebody else's dinner, a-coming home from the baker's."

The reflection reminded him of that other reflections, which he had left unfinished.

"There's nothing," said Toby, "more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em. It's took me a long time to find it out. I wonder whether it would be worth any gentleman's while, now, to buy that observation for the papers; or the parliament?"

Toby was only joking, for he gravely shook his head in self-depreciation.

"Why! Lord! said Toby," the papers is full of observations as it is; and so's the parliament. Here's last week's paper, now; taking a very dirty one from his pocket, and holding it from him at arm's length; "full of observations! I like to know the news as well as any man," said Toby, slowly; folding it a little smaller, and putting it in his pocket again; "but it almost goes against the grain with me to read a paper now. It frightens me, almost. I don't know what we poor people are coming to. Lord send we may be coming to something better in the New Year nigh upon us!"

"Why, father, father!" said a pleasant voice, hard by.

But Toby, not hearing it, continued to trot backward and forward; musing as he went, and talking to himself.

"It seems as if we can't go right, or do right, or be righted," said Toby. "I hadn't much schooling, myself, when I was young; and I can't make out whether we have any business on the face of the earth or not. Sometimes I think we must have little; and sometimes I think we must be intruding. I get so puzzled sometimes that I am not even able to make up my mind whether there is any good at all in us, or whether we are born bad. We seem to do dreadful things; we seem to give a deal of trouble; we are always being complained of and guarded against. One way or another we fill the papers. Talk of a New Year!" said Toby, mournfully. "I can bear up as well as another man at most times; better than a good many, for I am as strong as a lion, and all men an't; but supposing it should really be that we have no right to a New Year—supposing we really *are* intruding——"

"Why, father, father!" said the pleasant voice again.

Toby heard it this time; started; stopped; and shortening his sight, which had been directed a long way off, as seeking for enlightenment in the very heart of the approaching year, found himself face to face with his own child, and looking close into her eyes.

Bright eyes they were. Eyes that would bear a world of looking in, before their depth was fathomed. Dark eyes, that reflected back the eyes which searched them; not flashingly, or at the owner's will, but with a clear, calm, honest, patient radiance, claiming kindred with that light which Heaven called into being. Eyes that were beautiful and true, and beaming with Hope. With Hope so young and fresh; with Hope so buoyant, vigorous, and bright, despite the twenty years of work and poverty on which they had looked; that they became a voice to Trotty Veck, and said:

"I think we have some business here—a little!"

Trotty kissed the lips belonging to the eyes, and squeezed the blooming face between his hands.

"Why Pet," said Trotty. "What's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," cried the girl, nodding her head, and smiling as she spoke. "But here I am! And not alone; not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say" observed Trotty, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, "that you——"

"Smell it, father dear," said Meg. "Only smell it!"

Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once, in a great hurry, when she gayly interposed her hand.

"No, no, no," said Meg, with the glee of a child. "Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the lit-tle ti-ny cor-ner, you know," said Meg, suiting the action to the word with the utmost gentleness, and speaking very softly, as if she were afraid of being overheard by something inside the basket; "there. Now. What's that?"

Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket, and cried out in rapture:

"Why, it's hot!"

"It's burning hot!" cried Meg. "Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!"

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come! You haven't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess!"

Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket toward him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so doing she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration to the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! It's very nice," said Toby. "It an't—I suppose it an't Polonies!"

"No, no, no!" cried Meg, delighted. "Nothing like Polonies!"

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's—it's mellower than Polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for Trotters. An't it!"

Meg was in an ecstacy. He could *not* have gone wider of the mark than Trotters—except Polonies.

"Liver?" said Toby, communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It an't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of cocks' heads. And I know it an't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!"

"No, it an't!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it an't!"

"Why, what am I thinking of!" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was; and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute more, it was the best tripe ever stewed.

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father: for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby. "But they're always a bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading you in the paper the other day, father; what the Judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us!"

"Yes, my dear," cried Trotty; "and they'd be very fond of any of us that *did* know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentlefolks in his neighborhood. Very much so!"

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelt like this," said Meg, cheerfully. "Make haste, for there's a hot potato beside, and half a pint of fresh-drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the post or on the steps? Dear, dear, how grand we are. Two places to choose from!"

"The steps to-day, my Pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather. Post in wet. There's a greater convenience in the steps at all times, because of the sitting down; but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then, here," said Meg, clapping her hands after a moment's bustle; "here it is, all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father. Come!

Since his discovery of the contents of the basket, Trotty had been standing looking at her—and had been speaking too—in an abstracted manner, which showed that though she was the object of his thoughts and eyes, to the exclusion of even tripe, he neither saw nor thought about her as she was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life. Roused, now, by her cheerful summons, he shook off a melancholy shake of the head which was just coming upon him, and trotted to her side. As she was stooping, to sit down, the Chimes rang.

"Amen!" said Trotty, pulling off his hat and looking up towards them.

"Amen to the Bells, father?" cried Meg.

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty, taking his seat. "They'd say a good one, I am sure, if they could. Many's the kind thing they say say to me."

"The Bells do, father!" laughed Meg, as she set the basin, and a knife and fork before him. "Well!"

"Seem to, my pet," said Trotty, falling to with great vigor. "And where's the difference? If I hear 'em, what does it matter whether they speak it or not? Why bless you, my dear," said Toby, pointing at the tower with the fork, and becoming more animated under the influence of dinner, "how often have I heard them bells say, "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!" A million times? More!

"Well, I never," cried Meg.

She had, though—over and over again. For it was Toby's constant topic.

"When things is very bad," said Trotty; "very bad, indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then its Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby? Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! that way."

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered the unconscious Toby. "Never fails."

While this discourse was holding, Trotty made no pause in his attack upon the savory meat before him, but cut and ate, and cut and drank, and cut and chewed, and dodged about, from tripe to hot potato, and from hot potato back again to tripe, with an unctuous and unflagging relish. But happening now to look all around the street—in case anybody should be beckoning from any door or window, for a porter—his eyes, in coming back again, encountered Meg; sitting opposite to him, with her arms folded; and only busy in watching his progress with a smile of happiness.

"Why, Lord forgive me," said Trotty, dropping his knife and fork. "My dove! Meg! why didn't you tell me what a beast I was?

"Father?"

"Sitting here," said Trotty, in penitent explanation, "cramming and stuffing, and gorging myself; and you before me there, never so much as breaking your precious fast, nor wanting to, when——"

"But I have broke it, father," interposed his daughter, laughing, "all to bits. I have had my dinner."

"Nonsense," said Trotty. "Two dinners in one day! It an't possible! You might as well tell me that two New Years days will come together, or that I have had a gold head all my life, and never changed it."

"I have had my dinner, for all that father," said Meg, coming nearer to him. "And if you'll go on with yours, I'll tell you how and where; and how your dinner came to be brought; and—and something else besides."

Toby still appeared incredulous; but she looked into his face with her clear eyes, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, motioned him to go on while the meat was hot. So Trotty took up his knife and fork again, and went to work. But much more slowly than before, and shaking his head, as if he were not at all pleased with himself.

"I had my dinner, father," said Meg, after a little hesitation, "with—with Richard. His dinner-time was early; and as he brought his dinner with him when he came to see me, we—we had it together, father."

Trotty took a little beer and smacked his lips. Then he said, "Oh!"—because she waited.

"Then Richard says, Father—" Meg resumed. Then stopped.

"What does Richard say, Meg?" asked Toby.

"Richard says, father—" Another stoppage.

"Richard's a long time saying it," said Toby.

"He says then, father," Meg continued, lifting up her eyes at last, and speaking in a tremble, but quite plainly; "another year is nearly gone, and where is the use of waiting on from year to year, when it is so unlikely we shall ever be better off than we are now? He says we are poor now, father, and we shall be poor then; but we are young now, and years will make us old before we know it. He says that if we wait—people in our condition—until we see our way quite clearly, the way will be a harrow one indeed—the common way—the Grave, father."

A bolder man than Trotty Veck must needs have drawn upon his boldness largely to deny it. Trotty held his peace.

"And how hard, father, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cheered and helped each other; and to grieve, apart, to see each other working, changing, growing old and grey. Even if I got the better of it, and forget him, (which I never could,) oh, father dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and to live to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life, to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!"

Trotty sat quite still. Meg dried her eyes, and said more gayly: that is to say, with here a laugh, and there a sob, and here a laugh and sob together:

"So Richard says, father; as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him and have loved him full three years—ah longer than that, if he knew it! will I marry him on New Year's day; the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father—isn't it? but I haven't my fortune to be settled, or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father—have I? And he said so much, and said it in his own way; so strong and earnest, and all the time so kind and gentle; that I said I'd come and talk to you, father. And as they paid the money for that work of mine this morning, (unexpectedly, I am sure!) and as you have fared very poorly for a whole week, and as I could not help wishing there should be something to make this day a sort of holyday to you as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

"And see how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said another voice.

It was the voice of this same Richard, who had come upon them unobserved, and stood before the father and daughter: looking down upon them with a face as glowing as the iron on which his stout sledge-hammer daily rung. A handsome, well-made, powerful youngster he was; with eyes that sparkled like the red-hot droppings from a furnace fire; black hair that curled about his swarthy temples rarely; and a smile—a smile that bore out Meg's eulogium on his style of conversation.

"See how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said Richard. "Meg don't know what he likes. Not she!"

Trotty, all action and enthusiasm, immediately reached up his hand to Richard, and was going to address him in a great hurry, when the house-door opened without any warning, and a footman very nearly put his foot in the tripe.

"Out of the vays here, will you! You must always go and be a settin' on the steps, must you! You can't go and give a turn to none of the neighbors never, can't you! *Will* you clear the road or won't you?"

Strictly speaking, the last question was irrelevant, as they had already done it.

"What's the matter, what's the matter!" said the gentleman for whom the door was opened: coming out of the house at that kind of light heavy pace—that peculiar compromise between a walk and a jog-trot—with which a gentleman upon the smooth down-hill of life, wearing creaking boots, a watch-chain, and clean linen, *may* come out of his house: not only without any abatement of his dignity, but with an expression of having important and wealthy engagements elsewhere. "What's the matter. What's the matter!"

"You're always a being begged, and prayed, upon your bended knees you are," said the footman with great emphasis, to Trotty Veck, "to let our door-steps be. Why don't you let 'em be? Can't you let 'em be?"

"There! That'll do, that'll do!" said the gentleman. "Halloa there! Porter!" beckoning with his head to Trotty Veck. "Come here. What's that! your dinner?"

"Yes, Sir," said Trotty, leaving it behind him in a corner.

"Don't leave it there," exclaimed the gentleman. "Bring it here, bring it here. So! This is your dinner, is it?"

"Yes, Sir," repeated Trotty, looking with a fixed eye and a watery mouth, at the piece of tripe he had reserved for a last delicious tid-bit; which the gentleman was now turning over and over on the end of the fork.

Two other gentlemen had come out with him. One was a low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit, and a disconsolate face; who kept his hands continually in the pockets of his scanty pepper-and-salt trousers, very large and dog's eared from that custom; and was not particularly well brushed or washed. The other, a full-sized, sleek, well-conditioned gentleman, in a blue coat with bright buttons, and a white cravat. This gentleman had a very red face, as if an undue proportion of the blood in his body were squeezed up into his head; which perhaps accounted for his having also the appearance of being cold about the heart.

He who had Toby's meat upon the fork, called to the first one by the name of Filer; and they both drew near together. Mr. Filer being exceedingly short-sighted, was obliged to go so close to the remnant of Toby's dinner before he could make out what it was, that Toby's heart leaped up into his mouth, but Mr. Filer didn't eat it.

"This is a description of animal food, Alderman," said Filer, making little punches in it, with a pencil-case, "commonly known to the laboring population of this country, by the name of tripe."

The Alderman laughed, and winked; for he was a merry fellow, Alderman Cute. Oh, and a sly fellow too! A knowing fellow. Up to everything. Not to be imposed upon. Deep in the people's hearts! He knew them, Cute did. I believe you.

"But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. "Tripe is without exception the least economical, and the most wasteful article of consumption that the markets of this country can, by possibility, produce. The loss upon a pound of tripe has been found to be, in the boiling, seven-eighths of a fifth more than the loss upon a pound of any other animal substance whatever. Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hot-house pine-apple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone; and forming a low estimate of the quantity of tripe which the carcasses of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield; I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of five hundred men for five months of thirty-one days each, and a February over. The waste, the waste!"

Trotty stood aghast, and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand.

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, warmly. "Who eats tripe?"

Trotty made a miserable bow.

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Filer. "Then I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans."

"I hope not, Sir" said Trotty, faintly. "I'd sooner die of want!"

"Divide the amount of tripe before-mentioned, Alderman," said Mr. Filer, "by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans, and the result will be one pennyweight of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently, he's a robber."

Trotty was so shocked, that it gave him no concern to see the Alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it anyhow.

"And what do you say?" asked the Alderman, jocosely, of the red-faced gentleman in the blue coat. "You have heard friend Filer. What do *you* say?"

"What's it possible to say?" returned the gentleman. "What is to be said? Who can take any interest in a fellow like this," meaning Trotty; "in such degenerate times as these. Look at him! What an object! The good old times, the grand old times, the great old times! *Those* were the times for a bold peasantry, and all that sort of thing. Those were the times for every sort of thing, in fact. There's nothing now-a-days. Ah!" sighed the red-faced gentleman. "The good old times, the good old times!"

The gentleman didn't specify what particular times he alluded to; nor did he say whether he objected to the present times, from a disinterested consciousness that they had done nothing very remarkable in producing himself.

"The good old times, the good old times," repeated the gentleman. What times they were! They were the only times. It's no use of talking about any other times, or discussing what the people are in these times. You don't call these, times, do you? I don't. Look into Strutt's Costumes, and see what a Porter used to be, in any of the good old English reigns."

"He hadn't, in his very best circumstances, a shirt to his back, or a stocking to his foot; and there was scarcely a vegetable in all England for him to put into his mouth," said Mr. Filer. "I can prove it, by tables."

[To be continued.]

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